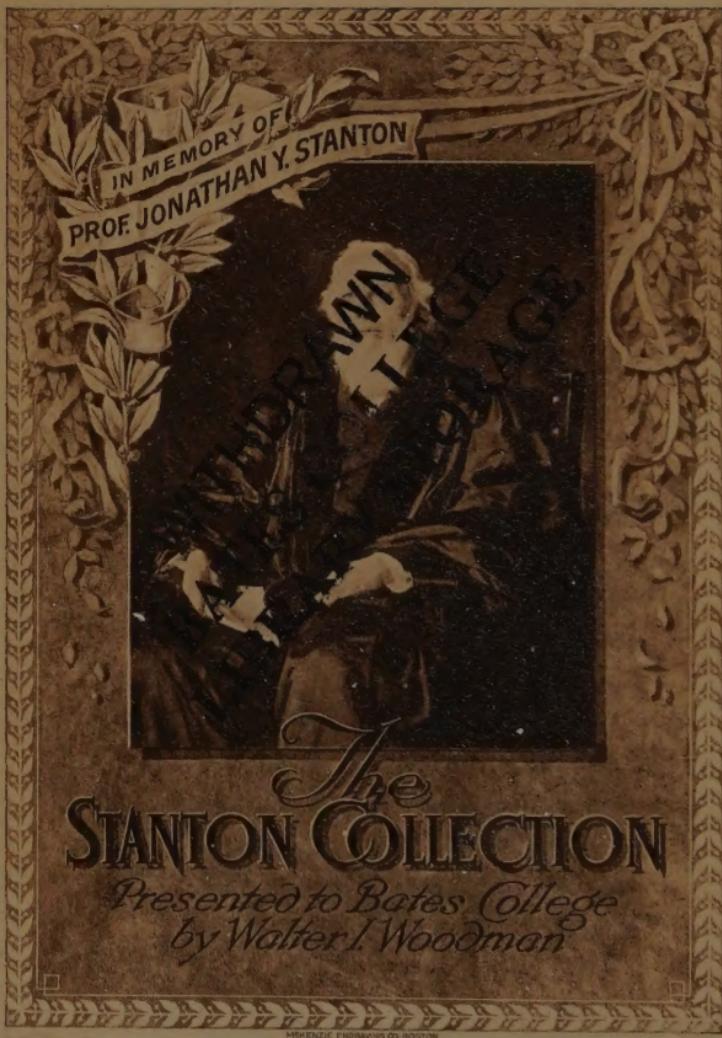


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THE  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE







THROUGH REALMS OF SONG



# THROUGH REALMS OF SONG

BY  
ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE



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# THROUGH REALMS OF SONG



## THROUGH REALMS OF SONG

WE twain have ventured on a journey long,  
Myself and idle Fancy—neither wise—  
Into a land o'erspread by morning skies,  
A land but little known unto the throng;  
Thither alone have we two hied along  
The quiet path, invisible, that lies  
Close by those streams that border Paradise—  
Fair path that led us on through realms of song.

And now, returning thence, our fingers hold  
Stray leaves picked up along our lonely ways,  
Our ears are filled with music we have heard.  
Perchance these crumpled, faded leaves, unrolled,  
May show faint tracings to another's gaze—  
Some half-remembered, half-forgotten word.

## BETWEEN THE LINES

I WONDER if at any time there will  
A reader come to turn these pages so  
That he may take the pains to con and know  
What sentiments of kindly Nature fill  
These limping lines, and having, too, the skill  
To read between them all that lies below  
Their even surface, in whose mirror show  
Only the pictures traced by senseless quill.

And then meseems it as in prison cold  
One looks through slit in stone, through iron rods,  
He sees how fair and warm the summer shines;  
And so, perchance, some reader may behold  
How fair a fancy 'tis that smiles, and nods,  
And beckons to him here between the lines.

## THE SONNET

THE royal oak, alone, without a peer,  
Stands in the midst of subjects that surround  
In close array, with deference profound,—  
In sovereignty it brooks no rival near,  
But growing yet more sturdy year by year,  
Firm planted and deep rooted in the ground,  
With majesty of strength and beauty crowned,  
Unchallenged holds its gracious presence here.

The sonnet has a province all its own,  
Maintains no retinue of courtiers nigh,  
Keeps in domain of letters honored place;  
To every cultured language is it known  
For feelings that are deep, thoughts that are high,  
Yielding a form of stateliness and grace.

## POESY

MEN have in all times had their sacred shrine  
On lofty hill, a space of holy ground,  
Some spot with awful reverence compassed round,  
Within the silence of o'ershadowing pine;  
There have they sacrificed to powers divine,  
The flaming altar with their gifts have crowned  
And then have blaze of burning incense drowned  
In copious libations poured of wine.

But Poesy, companion close of Art,  
Has ever dwelt within the vale below,  
Beside the waters of clear flowing springs;  
There with her sister Graces lives apart,  
With soothing voice she charms a world of woe  
And to the heart of man she sweetly sings.

## THE POET

**H**E touched a chord that had been slumbering long,  
He waked an echo from its dreamless sleep  
And gave to an ungracious world to keep

The sweet enchantment of his idle song.

His life was lost amid the busy throng  
Whose hearts and souls are all intent to reap  
Full profit of their toiling,—on the deep  
As on the stable land their lives belong.

And yet the poet played his humble part,  
Gave to the gainful task a keener zest,  
Fed lamps that in life's sanctuary burn;  
He found the highest motive in his art,  
Strove with all effort to attain the best,  
Nor asked he any guerdon in return.

## THE IDLER

A CARELESS saunterer, he meditates,  
While strolling idly crowded streets along  
With pace unmeasured, measure of a song  
Which to the praise of Love he dedicates;  
And as to his impassioned thought he mates  
Words that shall do its tenderness no wrong,  
The poet soon is lost amid the throng  
That hurries on and for him never waits.

But when the day is ended with its care,  
With all its tasks that have been worried through,  
Its hours been bartered for a meager pay,  
Perchance some tired soul will be aware  
There was a pensive man whom no one knew,  
Yet kinsman of them all, in town today.

## TRUTH AND BEAUTY

A REALM of mystery to all beside  
Those who have been endowed with vision clear,  
With quick and keen perception of the seer,  
Who finds that truth and beauty are allied,  
That, each to other faithful, they abide;  
And those who have the finely practised ear  
In Nature's voice a harmony will hear  
Which to our duller senses is denied.

That mystery avails to lure the bold  
Adventurer beyond the hither shore  
In search of what to him is fresh and new;  
A bright *mirage* it is with charm to hold  
In spell of deep enchantment; evermore  
He dwells with what is beautiful and true.

## OLD-TIME SONG

A YOUNG voice goes on singing all day long  
Light airs melodious in this crowded street,  
Amid loud roar of traffic, tramp of feet,  
Mad rush and medley of fast-hurrying throng;  
A young voice singing ever clear and strong  
In tones of innocence divinely sweet  
Is heard in measured music to repeat  
Unstudied cadences of old-time song.

Is it that feelings are no longer stirred,  
That memories are not wakened by the voice  
Which over all this din and tumult rings?  
Are those rich melodies no longer heard  
That once moved souls to sorrow and rejoice,  
To be uplifted as on angel wings?

## THE SINGING ROBE

“WHO wears a singing robe is richly dight,”  
Its loosened folds in rhythmic measure flow  
Adown his form—his graceful figure show  
In happy blending of the dark and light,  
The silk in purple with the ermine white,  
That drape in harmonies the pain and woe  
With joy of triumph over fallen foe;  
The sweet succession of life’s day and night.

He need not wear the heavy crown of kings  
Nor need he yet a royal scepter bear  
To prove he is the sovereign of mind;  
The potent spirit of the song he sings  
Makes conquest of the human heart, and there  
Is poet hailed as noblest of mankind.

## CHARM OF MINSTRELSY

THE pagan gods are dead, Pan last of all  
To leave the shepherds and their shepherding  
On slopes enclosing the Pierian spring,  
Muse-haunted, whose clear waters in their fall  
Within the woods wake echoes musical  
That to the ears of later singers bring  
Harmonious numbers of what hymns they sing  
When would they celebrate Pan's festival.

Yes, Pan is dead, his altar fires are cold,  
All withered are the garlands that were hung  
Around those altars at an earlier day;  
But yet the charms of minstrelsy still hold  
Their magic spell in what today is sung,—  
The world delights in some sweet pastoral lay.

## POWER OF SONG

A LITTLE hand, that of a little maid  
Just starting on her pilgrimages here  
And of the future having yet no fear,  
Confidingly in my rough palm was laid  
While down the narrow grass-grown lane we strayed  
To where the mountain-shadowed brooks appear  
Running with currents musically clear  
As when in childhood on their banks I played.

One hand was soft with finger-tips of rose,  
The other, wrinkled parchment written plain  
With record of the years marked deep and  
strong;  
But yet the little hand led where it chose,  
And at what pace it chose, adown the lane;  
Such also is the magic power of song.

## GIFT OF SONG

HEAVEN'S almoner, most gracious to bestow  
Upon our world the gift of genial light,  
Who ranged the ridges of Cyllene's height,  
Equipped with quiver and with shining bow,  
And foaming wild boar close pursuing, so  
With fleet Diana of the moonlit night  
Shot his keen arrows of unerring flight  
And laid the frightened, panting quarry low.

The loud, sharp twanging of the vibrant string  
Rang with a rhythmic sweetness to his ear,  
He listened to the cadenced tremor long;  
Then did he teach the golden lyre to sing  
What were the gods Olympian glad to hear,—  
He led the Muses in their rapturous song.

## SONG AND REVERIE

THE winds are vocal on this summer's day,  
Are tuneful as they come between the hills,  
And, keeping pace with idly lapsing rills,  
They make a drowsy music on their way,  
For they have found thin reeds on which to lay  
Their lips in a warm glowing kiss that thrills  
Fond heart of Nature—wakes the love that fills  
A universe as idle as are they.

So are revived faint passions of the past,  
And sweetest memories come back anew  
When storied fields of thought and purpose vast  
With Song and Reverie are wandered through,  
Back to that eastern gateway where at last  
A glimpse of Eden flashes into view.

## THE OVER-SONG

WE deem it must be somewhat loud and strong,  
Some swift, onrushing organ-peal of sound,  
Or mighty voice from silences profound  
That unto unfrequented shores belong,  
Some cry of terror from the stricken throng  
Whom Fate has in extremest peril bound  
And with unspoken horror hemmed around;—  
We deem that this is Nature's over-song.

But if we listen when the waves are still,  
When soundly sleeping lies the tired shore,  
When chambers of the shell hushed murmur fill,  
A half-forgotten measure pondered o'er,  
Then laughing waters of a tinkling rill  
Sweet music of that over-song will pour.

## ISLES OF SONG

THEY lie in quiet off our morning shore,  
But rarely seen just glimmering through the  
haze  
That haunts our coast on all these summer days,  
And hangs, a misty shroud, these waters o'er—  
Those Isles of Song round which strong currents  
pour,  
Round which the idle ocean fondly plays,  
On their warm shelving sands a warm lip lays  
Breathing of peacefulness forevermore.

Perhaps the vision of those isles is dim  
To those who look for them at night and morn,  
And indistinct at best their forms appear,  
But their lone site is fully known to him  
Who hears far over empty seas forlorn  
Their music sounding ever to his ear.

## SONG, THE PILGRIM

WHITHER, dear Heart of Song, wouldst hold  
thy way?  
Over a boundless and uncharted deep,  
Or over rugged mountains high and steep  
Wouldst thou for us the trails and courses lay?  
How hast thou shown a smiling face and gay  
Lightheartedness, though needing rest and sleep,  
Hast spoken cheerful words while others weep,  
And tried to make of life a holiday!

And Song has traversed more than all the earth,  
Has never had a chance to rest his feet  
Till Pity's self was haply moved to tears;  
Yet through it all has kept a voice of mirth,  
A cheerful tone with which our hearts to greet,  
A youth unfading through fast aging years.

## THE [CHORUS]

YE sweet-voiced singers of the earlier time  
That was of Poesy the Golden Age  
When Genius set upon the Athenian stage,  
Of thought most clear, of language most sublime,  
Harmonious with the laws of rhythm and rhyme,  
Its masterpieces of instruction sage,  
How Fate and human Destiny engage  
To prosecute forever Guilt and Crime;—

Ye choral singers singing through the years,  
Ay, through the centuries unto this day,  
And heard upon this distant western shore;  
How happens it this world of ours appears  
No wiser than was your world in its way,  
That guilt and crime seem nowise less, but  
more?

## THE CHORAL DANCE

WITH claspèd hands, devoutly circling round  
An altar garlanded with myrtle green,  
Fair maids in honor of the Cyprian Queen  
Weave festal dance, their brows with myrtle  
crowned;  
Their feet unsandalled beat the grassy ground  
To music made by rustic Pan, unseen,  
Piping two scraggy olive trees between  
While lithe limbs register the mystic sound.

Slowly the marble crumbles into dust,  
The chiseled lines—so delicate—grow dim,  
And flush of joy from maiden cheeks is gone;  
But yet those lifelike, graceful figures must  
Repeat the modulation of the hymn  
As here the happy choral dance goes on.

## THE DANCERS

HAIL, blithesome dancers on the village green,  
At eventide when in the glowing west  
The sun has gone into his tent for rest,  
And purple mist is in the vales between;—  
Hail, ye glad dancers now as gladly seen  
In handiwork of rustic weavers dressed—  
Now is the piper playing at his best,  
And parents fond are looking on serene!

How has the artist spared no practised skill  
To draw your figures to a flowing line,  
And from restraint your supple limbs release!  
The dance goes on while alien hands now fill  
This decorated amphora with wine,  
Nor will the piper's music ever cease.

## IN THOUGHT

IN thought that overpasses bounds of space,  
Nor heeds of time if it be now or then,  
That brings within our vision yet again  
What in far ages past has taken place;—  
In thought along the course of years I trace  
What bold adventures have been made by men  
To regions that were held mysterious when  
The world was new and when was new the race.

Will there be at some distant future date  
One sentient being led in thought along  
To where this hour his halting-place may be,  
And will he tarry here to speculate  
What is, perhaps, the magic charm of song  
That to its sanctuary beckons me?

## NATURE'S THOUGHT

**F**AR from the noisy, crowded market-place,  
Here in the silence of the lonely wood,  
Alone with Nature in her solitude,  
I search the secret of her thought to trace  
In varied forms of leaf and flower that grace  
So richly tangled thicket where intrude  
But rarely feet of men—to find her mood  
Shown in the smiles and tears upon her face.

A sudden strain of music on the ear  
Comes with a sense of freedom and of power  
Such as to minstrelsy of birds belong;  
Then is the mystery of that thought made clear,  
For Nature gives the charm of leaf and flower  
That she may have the melody of song.

## ONE LITTLE THOUGHT

ONE little thought, abiding with me long,  
Has been content in friendly heart to stay,  
Companion of my dreams, and all the day  
At my heart's door singer of happy song;—  
One little thought the unskilled Muse would wrong.  
Were she to wed this to a common lay,  
To lead it forth upon the public way  
Where common thoughts on common objects throng.

One little thought but precious all—ah, well!  
In vain were my attempt to set it free,  
Since in my heart of hearts fain would it dwell  
And all of life would fare along with me;  
Nay, only this my Muse of it can tell,  
That little thought, dear Love, is thought of thee.

## ON THE INTERVALE

THEY spring to life beneath the viewless feet  
Of breezes wandering up or down between  
Two low hill-ranges bordering a green  
Expanse of meadow; here a calm retreat  
Where fern-clad slope and stream each other greet;  
The waters dallying in a mood serene  
Reflect the mirrored beauty of the scene,  
And all the region is with charm replete.

They spring to life, these waves upon the grass,  
These ripples running with them on the stream  
As if had land—and water—spirits met;  
They beat a rhythmic measure as they pass,  
A vision rises as in idle dream,  
We hear the music of a canzonet.

## AT DAYBREAK

DAY comes with song—brown thrushes in the wood,

Red-breasted robins in close orchard trees

And blackbirds piping merrily with these  
Wake each to happiness its sleeping brood;  
There is a call of little ones for food,

And over shadowed fields of grass one sees

Barn swallows circling on the wing with ease,  
Repeating their short creed that life is good.

Day comes with song that tells of happiness

Among these humble creatures of the air,

Whose grateful hearts in song thus overflow;  
Their blended voices raise a hymn to bless

The gracious Hand that gives them constant care,

And makes Heaven's goodness all the greater  
so.

## IMPRISONMENT

WITHIN the prison of its cage confined,  
The captive bird sings on as merrily  
As when it sang out o'er the meadows—free,  
And lavished music on the summer wind;  
Now, to this forced imprisonment resigned,  
The bird does not abate its melody  
But still sings on—heart-glad in memory  
Of open skies—these gilded bars behind.

The soul peers out through avenues of sense,  
Dim-lighted from fond smile of Heaven above,  
On boundless universe of worlds bestowed;  
Though burdened with deep longing, most intense,  
It wooes with song companionship of Love  
And of a dungeon makes a blest abode.

## SILENCE

**S**AY, what is silence? 'Tis a passing thought  
Of what is left to us from pleasing sound  
For which again are waiting all around,  
Repeating that last strain, but hearing naught  
Of all the melody the morning brought,  
On field and forest lies a spell profound;  
The noontide shadow, sleeping on the ground  
With hush of summer stillness, guards the spot.

Sometimes upon the crowded street it seems,  
Among the many voices that we hear,  
There comes to us a long-remembered tone;  
And then, as in the vanishing of dreams,  
All other shapes and shadows disappear,  
And we are left with one dear friend alone.

## SILENCE IN MUSIC

A SHARE in music silence has with sound,  
The flow of melody runs as a rill  
Runs noisily adown the sloping hill,—  
Sometimes in laughter as with sunshine crowned,  
And sometimes idly lingering around  
Deep pools which overhanging willows fill  
With shadows; there the somber waters still  
Dream of their coursing in a sleep profound.

The current of our feeling runs not long  
Without increase or slackening of its force,  
From time to time with sweet oblivion blessed,  
Not otherwise it must be with our song  
That, changing now and then its onward course,  
Halts by the willows for a needed rest.

## MAGIC REEDS

O REEDS on which the god of shepherds played  
While shepherds listened with delight of tears,  
Still are ye musical though no one hears  
When on your pipes mute lips of Eve are laid,  
The delicate sweet harmonies are made,—  
Soft melting music coming to our ears;  
We're not in mood of shepherds, it appears,  
With leaden cares our hearts are overweighed.

Would that our thoughts might let us sit and dream  
While Evening hushes discords of the day  
And slowly draws thick curtains of the night;  
Then might we hear soft lapsing of the stream,  
Hear you, O reeds, upon its margin say,  
“We drink that music with how deep delight!”

## NATURE'S HARMONIES

HOW many different voices Earth can raise,  
Together chiming varied harmonies  
As perfumes, blended, call out eager bees  
From busy hives and lead them devious ways  
O'er meadow grounds through slumberous summer  
days;  
Aye chiming in sweet unison are these,  
Each modulated some fond heart to please,  
And all combined to sound their Maker's praise!

In all the music of this vocal throng,  
Most subtle magic of enchanting word,  
Loud roar of waters as these pour along,  
Domestic twittering of home-keeping bird,  
In volume grand of Earth's exultant song  
Will any feeble note of mine be heard?

## THE EMPTY SHELL

**A**N idle boy, at play upon the shore  
Of the mysterious sea, holds to his ear  
An empty-chambered shell that he may hear  
Repeated from far off the mighty roar  
Of billows, long incoming, dashing o'er  
Rough, broken ledges rising bold and sheer  
Against the ocean's rage, to domineer  
Those waters turbulent forevermore.

If he were asked upon what curving strand  
Continuously the sounding billows roll,  
It were not easy for the boy to tell;  
Nor is it easier to understand  
How much of that strange rhythm is in his soul,  
How little of it echoed from the shell.

## THE DRUID

HIS was the priestly office to invoke  
Those powers spiritual that intervene  
Betwixt material things and those unseen,  
What once were gods for whom did altars smoke;  
As if—interpreter divine—he spoke  
Explaining what the heavenly portents mean  
And what are whispered secrets of the green  
Umbrageous leafage of time-hallowed oak.

Today the druid enters in the wood  
With other thoughts than those of fear and dread  
To meet his own soul's kindred spirit there,  
The peaceful quiet of that solitude  
Alarms him not—it seems to him instead  
The holy silence of unspoken prayer.

## ACROSS THE CENTURIES

SOME gentle singer, in an age unknown,  
Told in his song a story of distress—  
A tale of suffering and of wretchedness,  
With touch of human pity in its tone  
As if its burden had been his alone;  
Those low sad notes have often served to bless  
Poor sorrowing hearts with their deep tenderness  
Until at length they serve to move mine own.

O sweet-voiced singer of a far-off past,  
I know not of what land or tongue thou art,  
Yet for thy deep compassion cherished long;  
Those loving notes of thine have come at last  
To modulate the beating of my heart;—  
I greet thee, “Brother!” in the Realm of Song.

## BELATED HONORS

**C**REEP, Ivy, creep in gentlest quietude  
Across the poet's tomb, with tendrils green,  
Within the shade where drooping willows lean  
Above the sleeping dead in mournful mood;  
Here, where the poet rests, green ivy should  
In close embracing of gray stone be seen  
Planted and trained by loving hands that mean  
Thus may be shown their lasting gratitude;

For, while he lived, the Muses gave him skill  
That waked the lyre to sweetest melody,  
And what they taught, their docile pupil  
learned;  
Now that the voice is hushed, the strings are still,  
There should be given to his memory  
Belated honors that were nobly earned.

## RELEASE

THE bird that has been in strict bondage bred,  
Has never tasted liberty—how sweet!  
Is always ready minstrel to repeat  
The song, for singing which it has been fed;  
Finds life that is in calm seclusion led  
Flow on from day to day with peace replete  
As life of anchorite in lone retreat,  
Changeless as stars are, stationed overhead.

But let loud singing of the lark be heard,  
Outpouring all its heart in ecstacy,  
The memory of that song will never cease  
To stir to fluttering the captive bird,  
To waken native longing to be free,  
And turn its song to pleading for release.

## IN THE GALLERY

HOW great the gift of genius was his  
Whose rich creative power of thought could trace  
What in the calmness of this lovely face  
Repose of marble meditation is!  
This look has kept throughout long centuries  
The artist's fond ideal of our race,  
The poet's dream of loveliness and grace  
That comes to him in realm of reveries.

This mild expression wins me from before  
Statues of gods, as gods were held of old,  
And groups of mythic heroes, gathered here;  
This face of quiet beauty charms me more  
Than in my halting measure can be told;—  
It is as if an angel should appear.

## NATURE'S SYMPHONIES

**S**MALL part, indeed, of Nature's symphonies  
Comes to the dull, the inattentive ear  
Of him who is indifferent to hear  
Sweet song of birds, soft murmuring of bees,  
Low whispering of pine tops to the breeze,  
Rustling of Autumn's raiment brown and sere,  
Bold Winter's challenge ringing loud and clear  
To match for music Summer's melodies.

Our own the blame; we fail to cultivate  
What faculties were given us at birth  
The true to hear, the beautiful to see;  
Our thought, to selfish uses dedicate,  
Neglects to note the friendliness of Earth  
And lacks at last the broadened sympathy.

## TRIUMPH OF SONG

THE stone, inscribed, is slowly ground to dust,  
High granite walls, laid up by mortal hand,  
Will crumble down into coarse desert sand,  
Memorial bronze will be consumed by rust;  
All work, except that done by Nature, must  
Tend to decay; however wisely planned  
And strongly built, the structure cannot stand;  
To things material we cannot trust.

Only the Spirit builds to outlast time,  
For this one purpose using human thought,  
Possessing truth that lives through ages long;  
With this erects an edifice sublime  
On which Fame's noblest eulogies are wrought,  
And herein find we triumph grand of Song.

## MINSTRELSY UNHEARD

SOUL of my soul, O thou that leadest me  
    Into the rich and wide domain of Song,  
    Taking a solitary way along  
Some meadow stream that winds down to the sea,  
Flooding its reedy banks with melody,  
    How should I do those gentle spirits wrong  
    Who to these festivals of Nature throng,  
Were I at such a time to sing to thee!

Heart of my heart, here let us rest the while  
    We listen for that minstrelsy unheard  
    Except by those who reverently come;  
Here now will Nature greet us with a smile,  
Nor shall we find occasion for a word;—  
    In adoration souls devout are dumb.

## PAN

WHEN Heaven at first, in all-embracing plan,  
Provided means by which the human soul  
Should rise through effort to its destined goal,  
Attain angelic dignity in man,  
Then numbers in harmonious strains began  
To rule his steps, his conduct to control—  
Round his completed life to perfect whole  
Under the kindly tutelage of Pan.

Pan led the winds along bright meadow stream  
Whose running waters wakened vocal reeds,  
He posted Echo halfway up the hill;  
Sang to the sleeping shepherd in his dream  
Such music as an upward climbing leads  
The Soul Heaven's highest purpose to fulfill.

## DEATH OF PAN

OF pagan gods was Pan the last to die,  
And when he died, off Parga's rocky shore,  
Those sparkling blue Illyrian waters o'er  
Came from the hills—long shepherded—the cry,  
“Great Pan is dead!” beneath the open sky,  
On sunny slopes were shepherd choirs no more  
Heard singing choral measures as of yore,  
The best of shepherds thus to glorify.

Went out of human life a joy that day  
That never will on earth again be known,  
Gladness produced by simple harmony,  
The heart contented on the hills to stay,  
To take the summer beauty as its own  
And of the summer sounds make melody.

## FAUNS

ONE faun sits piping in the ample shade  
By outstretched arms of oak thrown on the  
ground,  
Soothes midday into silence, while around  
Stand others hearing music that is made  
Upon the vocal reed so fondly played;  
Charmed by the simple melody of sound,  
Life is their blessing, with delight is crowned—  
Exile from Eden being yet delayed.

All this upon the pitcher at the well  
To show what happy thought the artist had  
When came this vessel from the potter's wheel  
He found in this design the means to tell  
How little do we need to make us glad  
When we for simple art have learned to feel.

## THE SILENT MUSE

INTO the august presence of his chief  
Strode suddenly Achilles, bluff and rude,  
Of temper passionate, in angry mood,  
His words, discourteous, were sharp and brief,  
Scarce had he given his pent-up wrath relief  
When he was conscious close behind him stood  
Athena in her peerless maidenhood;  
He turned—was silent for his shame and grief.

So are the brave notes of the singer stilled  
With realizing he at length has come  
The unimpassioned Silent Muse before,  
His ardent soul with icy breath is filled,  
The lips that have been jubilant are dumb,  
And song of his will be heard nevermore.

## LAURIGER

Of old the flutist, playing airs divine  
In honor of Apollo, went before  
The Grecian youth who bough of laurel bore  
From Tempe's vale to Delphi's honored shrine,  
Due offering to Art's patron and a sign  
Of fealty to ancient mythic lore,  
Immortal praises of the god that pour  
Triumphantly along the Dorian line.

This was a fitting tribute to the powers  
That ruled of Greece the highest destinies  
And for her fashioned splendid forms of art;  
And nobler yet it makes this task of ours,  
To lead through brighter meads of song than  
these  
The rhythmic overflowings of the heart.

## ANGELS' VISITS

No longer do men listen well to hear  
    Angelic voices singing hymns of praise,  
Nor do men as in patriarchal days  
Expect an angel at their tent appear  
When are in dimness blended far and near,  
    When stars come out with friendly smiling rays  
    To light the pilgrim on deserted ways,  
Late seeking shelter, seeking rest and cheer.

No, we have tried to measure infinite space,  
    Have sought for sources whence do centuries flow,  
    Left unobserved small garden of the heart;  
So does it happen that we cannot trace  
    Short paths by which God's angels come and go;  
    Heaven lying from us so small space apart!

## AT WHEEL AND LOOM

INDUSTRIOUSLY the maiden at her wheel  
Spins flaxen fibers that are smooth and strong  
Into a shining thread where none goes wrong,  
The work directed by her fingers' feel,  
And when is distaff bare, the twirling reel  
Winds off the knotted skein, while all day long  
Her work goes to the measure of a song  
That tells of lives were noble, hearts were leal.

While busy matron at her weaving plies  
Her shuttle as the swallow skims the plain  
A rhythmic maze describing in the sun;  
We hear the shuttle singing as it flies,  
Accompanied by a familiar strain;  
The songs of maid and matron are but one.

## THE SCROLL

HOW little of man's craftsmanship remains  
From times remote, from half-forgotten lands,  
That kept employed so many toiling hands  
On palaces, strong fortresses and fanes,  
King's coffers filling up with hoarded gains!  
Now only worn and broken column stands,  
All else reduced to loosely-winnowed sands  
More widely spreading out bare desert plains.

More is there left to us of ancient thought,  
Ethereal fabrics of the poet's mind  
And lofty visions of heroic soul;  
All these in words of full-toned music brought,  
In mellowed sweetness of the years, we find  
Inscribed upon this worn and faded scroll.

## THE QUIETIST

THE moving lips are mute, the voice is dumb,  
No words of prayer in trembling accents rise  
On bated breath—unheard the tender sighs  
Of adoration and of faith that from  
A bosom all of sweet desire come;  
All are as silent as those brimming eyes  
Within whose depths a heaven reflected lies,  
Of peace and joy—of happiness the sum.

It may be that the Quietist, in fond  
And deep devotion to the Heavenly Power,  
Unto the throne of God comes very near,  
Or that some angel, from the world beyond,  
Bends over him in this ecstatic hour  
And to his unvoiced longing lends an ear.

## THE MYSTIC

THE world may vanish; with it every sun  
Be blotted out in darkness absolute;  
The stars in spherical courses may be mute—  
Stars vocal since creation was begun;  
The planets with the earth may cease to run,  
All motion stop, its forces to recruit  
And of its labors gather up the fruit,  
And Nature may proclaim her purpose done;

But yet there stands the universe the same  
Unto the mystic's gaze as 'twas before,—  
That which has vanished empty was and vain  
There always will be wherewithal to frame  
A universe of light and praise once more  
So long as truth and reason shall remain.

## SUGGESTION

WHO hears the ringing of the vesper bell  
Come over waters from far miles away  
And on the silence of the evening lay  
Of Sabbath stillness the entrancing spell,  
Finds not in mortal speech the power to tell  
What mild enchantment of the spirit may  
The finer feelings of his being sway,  
And cause the sympathetic tears to well.

So near they come, and yet from source how far,  
Those thoughts that meet us when at eventide  
We walk abroad and deem ourselves alone!  
Unconscious of their coming as we are  
And startled thus to find them at our side,  
We yet see they are kindred to our own.

## OUR EXEMPTION

OUR world is one of music and of song;  
The rivers in their journeying to the sea  
Make, on their downward course, continually  
A low, sweet murmur as they rush along;  
The winds come from the hills, too, blowing strong  
Through pine tops that are stringed for min-  
strels,  
With unfelt touches wake to melody  
Soul-haunting measures that have slumbered long.

We need but listen, to those notes give heed,  
Lend ear unto the voice of flood and wood,  
Weave into rhythmic strain the sounds they  
bring;  
Of our own labored work there is no need,  
Our tones are harsh, our composition rude,  
No reason is there we should try to sing.

## GIPSIES

THE gay, light-hearted players to the sun  
With singing fill the hours as these pass,  
Keep up their ceaseless chirping in the grass,  
Ten thousand crickets with the voice of one;  
They take no note of when the day is done  
More than the sand which, running in the glass,  
Marks when an hour of sunshine ends, alas!  
And when another cycle is begun.

So passes life beneath the open sky  
Among the children of a homeless race  
Whose history is not of months and years;  
Whose plans and purposes are bounded by  
No limits definite of time and place,  
But by the light and shade of smiles and tears.

## THE PITY

HOW great the pity any hearts are sad  
When so much beauty in the world is found,  
The heavens by day and night with splendor  
crowned;  
The woods and orchards all with singing glad,  
The sloping fields and meadows richly clad,  
Sweet-scented violets springing from the ground;  
From smiling scenes and melody around  
So much of joy in living to be had!

How great the cheerless pity is that we  
Who have unfailing sources of delight  
Should make our dwelling in a vale of tears;  
Should never lift our eyes above to see  
How in the glory of creation bright  
Most strangely wonderful our world appears!

## MUSIC UNCONDITIONED

THERE would be music though were no one near  
To listen to glad singer's merry note  
Of joy in living, sung from tuneful throat  
Of happy bird whose voice rings loud and clear;  
For if there were no human soul to hear  
That simple song, repeated as by rote,  
There would yet be some faithful heart to dote  
Upon the singing of a mate most dear.

Earth has her choir of voices trained to raise  
Glad matin song of greeting and of cheer,  
Sweet evensong to charm the world to rest;  
And were the world to lack these songs of praise,  
There would be silence deep in which to hear  
Far spherulite music, and mankind were blest.

## SORROW'S SERVICE

THE workman having forged a shapely blade  
And having polished this upon the wheel,  
Engraves upon the brightly glittering steel  
Some text of honor, pledge of duty made  
To king or country, worthy homage paid  
At shrine of beauty, where do champions kneel;  
Then is the heated sabre made to feel  
The chill of waters its slight form invade.

When Heaven has sent a poet soul to dwell  
Upon the earth for man's allotted years,  
No further grace is left for soul to ask;  
But it has been ordained by Heaven as well  
That fervid soul should be baptized in tears  
To be attempered to its nobler task.

## BY THE STREAM

WE watch the river on its seaward course  
Sweep round the headland with its current strong,  
And at the rocky narrows rush along,  
Leap down the ledges with increasing force;  
We hear the river's voice from murmuring hoarse  
Fall to the gentle cadence of a song  
Where with the wind-blown reeds it lingers long;  
We see not how it gets back to its source.

Day follows day into remoteness vast  
As runs the rapid river to the sea,  
They vanish like the vision of a dream;  
But when the days of morn and eve are past  
Into the measureless eternity,  
We then shall know whence issues forth the stream.

## WINGED WORDS

QUICK words are spoken in reproof of wrong,  
Brave words are boldly uttered in debate  
Where men are gathered to deliberate,  
And where runs party spirit deep and strong;  
Words that have lived in hearts of people long,  
Made vital with the spirit of the great,  
Serenely bearing sentiments of weight,  
Or made immortal, woven into song;

Such words with keenness of the Indian's dart,  
And feathered with the lightest plumes of wit,  
Speed as through storm-cloud flash the lightning flames;  
Such words, escaping from the speaker's heart,  
Unerring in their flight, are bound to hit  
The mark, though far, at which the speaker aims.

## INSCRIBED

BESIDE the mighty, onward-flowing Nile  
The pyramids in silent mystery stand,  
Their thought, in Egypt's lonely waste of sand,  
Inscrutable as is of Sphinx the smile,  
On sculptured face of most majestic pile  
A poet's lines are traced by Roman hand;  
Two thousand years have passed in pageant  
grand,  
But yet their tender feeling lives the while.

We know not who designed the pyramid,  
Who ordered to their task the Egyptian host,  
What secret in its darkened crypt lies hid,  
Of what proud deed its pictured chambers boast;  
But here in poet's phrase a stranger did  
Record his grief for what the heart had lost.

## PERSIA'S POET

BENEATH full splendor of the desert skies  
That border empty Persian sands around,  
Within scant shadow of acacia found  
The poet of all doubt and unfaith lies  
And dreams a heart-sufficing Paradise;  
The cares of life in draughts Lethean drowned,  
His wrinkled brow with Bacchic ivy crowned,  
He drains his jug of wine Silenus-wise.

So has the World through all the ages tried  
To ease the aching heart, the troubled soul,  
And deem itself with present pleasures blest;  
But when of sorrow comes the whelming tide,  
Along the shores of life its billows roll  
And sweep that frothy reasoning with the rest.

## OMAR KHAYYAM

POET of life, who fortunately found  
A little garden in a desert place,  
Where grew at hand the Muses' herb-o'-grace,  
And only was "the Wilderness" around,  
And where of life was heard not any sound  
Except the bulbul's notes to interlace  
Light tinkling waters in the fountain vase—  
A melody with reverent silence crowned!

Thy quaint philosophy we ponder well  
And wonder if its scheme we understand,  
If its elusive spirit we have caught;  
Still do thy softly-cadenced verses tell  
To those who read them in an alien land  
The life immortal of poetic thought.

## THE PAGAN WORLD

THE Pagan World lived nearer to the Source  
Of Life than we; it reverently heard  
Low whispering pine tops, sweetly singing bird,  
Wild winds at play with ocean breakers hoarse,  
In fancy followed them upon their course;  
With sense of awe the pagan soul was stirred,  
In adoration listened for the Word  
That should command all elemental Force.

But we today are all intent to find  
What power is slumbering on in beds of ore,  
To our own use feed sacrificial flame;  
We strive avenging wrath of Jove to bind  
To menial service, wasting Nature's store,  
Regardless from what Hand the bounty came.

## ON THE SACRED WAY

OUT from Athena's city, violet-crowned,  
Went men and women in procession long  
With piping shrill and with melodious song.  
Unblemished offerings with fillets bound  
Were led in front, and maidens danced around;  
Black-bearded priests were mingled with the  
throng,  
Repeating praises as they moved along  
The Eleusinian way to holy ground.

And evermore mankind are going forth  
Along the sinuous boundaries of time,  
Some sacred shrine of worship yet their goal;  
They count that day the one of greatest worth  
That brings to them a vision more sublime;  
Brings into view bright City of the Soul.

## HEAD OF APHRODITE

THOUGH mute these lips of marble, yet they speak

What in the lofty artist soul was thought

What time the hand of sculptor fondly wrought  
Unfading youth upon that brow and cheek;

No further mystery need any seek

Of sudden rapturous feeling that was caught

For that sweet loveliness by Genius brought  
Upon those lips that are divinely Greek.

Ah! would it be some whispered word of love,

Framed to awake delight of mortal ear,

If only power of utterance had been given?  
Or would it be some simple strain above

Our unaccustomed sense of sound to hear,

Some missing note kept in reserve for Heaven?

## HELLAS

A FAR from us, beyond the ocean wide,  
Beyond abode of famed Hesperides,  
Bathed by the waters of Ionian seas,  
Lies Hellas glittering in translucent tide,  
Her storied plains and mountains glorified  
In song by her heroic memories  
Of valor shown by sons defending these;  
By noble sons who for her freedom died.

So is it Hellas lives for us today,  
A splendid monument to valor's worth  
Wherever man for truth and victory strives;  
An inspiration to mankind for aye  
While Right must be maintained upon the earth,  
And Liberty outvalues human lives.

## ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS, the minstrel, by his unmatched skill,  
Ruled Hermes' lyre that its chords vibrate  
In melody, charm keeper of Hell's gate  
To dull forgetfulness of duty, fill  
Dim courts of Pluto with his music till  
Lord of the dead his rigor should abate,  
Allow the singer to reclaim his mate  
And let the fond wife follow at her will.

Ah, happy both, had he but kept in mind  
The one condition of their blessedness,  
And held his gaze toward realms of genial light;  
But Love, unthinking, made him look behind  
Upon the face that was his life to bless  
Only to find it fading out of sight.

## EURYDICE

THE saddest page in Love's sad history  
Is that which tells how by the magic charm  
Of his sweet music Orpheus did disarm  
Hell's guardian beast of his ferocity;  
And how he came to where Persephone,  
With Pluto reigning, trembled in alarm—  
By song and lyre he soothed all dread of harm,  
Won back to life his lost Eurydice.

By one condition only were they bound,  
The pair returning to their native skies;—  
He should not turn as he went on before.  
With happiness existence would be crowned;—  
If they could look into each other's eyes,  
Hell were itself a Heaven evermore.

## SONG'S HERITAGE

WHEN Orpheus died, was lost the magic skill  
That led his hand along the trembling wire,  
While this, accordant with the heart's desire,  
Rang out responsive to the player's will,  
Mute to remain—those tuneful strings—until  
Apollo should take up the fallen lyre,  
Again its tones with melody inspire,  
Again with magic touch its being thrill.

What was at first of mortal origin  
Came to immortal heritage at length,  
Yet was upon the earth allowed to stay;  
So is it that the nobler arts begin,  
Favor of gracious Muses gives them strength,  
And Heaven's indulgence grants us them for  
aye.

## MELPOMENE

SAD was she called—the Muse of lyric verse,  
Gifted with song, sweet-voiced Melpomene,  
When she was called the chorister to be,  
To help the players on the stage rehearse  
Woes of the house of Laius even worse  
Than was of Priam's house the destiny  
When Troy to ruin fell, in misery  
Did envious Fate the royal queen submerse.

Ill-fortuned Song that should have led the dance  
When were the purple grapes of autumn pressed,  
When vintagers kept their high festival;  
On sacred days should have gone in advance  
Of victims with pure snowy fillets dressed,  
To loftier feelings have inspired all!

## ATYS

HOW close the kinship of our mortal race  
With flowers that blossom in the early spring,  
These into life a breath of incense bring  
And give a wealth of beauty to the place!  
How gladly would we keep their gentle grace—  
Charms of the sense that close about them cling,  
Delay the season of their withering  
And fold them in Affection's fond embrace!

Upon this law does myth of Atys rest;  
The great Earth-Mother wished him for her own  
While to a human love his heart was true;  
His body sleeps upon the Mother's breast,  
But from his blood have purple violets grown  
With every year to pay Love's vows anew.

## NIOBE

O WOMAN, thou of suffering hadst known  
More than is given to mortal heart to share,  
And heavier woe than human soul could bear,  
Wast blessed by favor of the gods alone  
In sorrowing to grieve thyself to stone!  
O'er this the trickling streams deep furrows wear,  
Whose channels show grief immemorial there,  
Thus symbolizing stifled sob and groan.

Whether it be that once relenting Fate  
In pity of a mother's broken heart  
Did grant to her this measure of relief;  
Today there stands by the disconsolate  
Thy figure made familiar in our art  
To show how old is our most recent grief.

## PSYCHE

AS when do buds upon the orchard trees  
Waken to beauty on the April air  
To find the world about them is how fair,  
How sweet the breathing of the April breeze,  
How musical the murmuring of bees!  
A flush of gladness mantles branches bare  
As though some consciousness were wakened  
there,  
Of new-created sovereign power to please.

So was it Psyche wakened once to find  
The world about her beautiful and bright,  
Welcomed herself so smilingly to earth;  
She scarcely dreamed that graces of the mind  
Crown all creative effort with delight—  
All Nature gladdened by that happy birth.

## PSYCHE AND PROSERPINA

IT is a spacious, dimly-lighted sphere  
Without a sun, a moon, or any star  
To make distinction between near and far  
In space or time—eternity the year—  
Two presences upon the way appear,  
The one is Ceres' child, Proserpina,  
Brought hither once in Pluto's ghostly car  
And made the queen of unfleshed spirits here;

The other, Psyche from the world above;  
And each to each had these two been well known  
When they were playmates, living on the earth;  
Now are they drawn together by the love  
No less by their long separation grown;  
They bless and pity each the other's birth.

## PYGMALION

UPON the formless stone Pygmalion wrought  
To realize the ideal of his mind,  
From day to day strove patiently to find  
That excellence of beauty which he sought,  
A passing glimpse of which his soul had caught  
Upon the background of his faith outlined;  
Celestial grace to human love inclined,  
But yet beyond the grasp of human thought.

The chisel falls, the sculptor's work is done,  
The grace and comeliness of woman stand  
Before him—reason reels from love and joy!  
Alas, that triumph such as this is won!  
Were it not better that the artist hand  
Its cunning had forgotten to employ?

## ATHENA

FROM brain of Zeus the prudent goddess springs,  
Equipped for war and most divinely fair,  
Her realm the spacious field of ambient air  
Which round the earth in folds transparent clings,  
Soft meadow breeze, the fanning of her wings  
On which she comes at times of weighty care  
To bid the rash adventurer beware,  
Or comfort of sustaining courage brings.

What matters it we may not see the maid  
As she was seen of old on field of strife,  
Feel her restraining as did Thetis' son?  
Who goes to shrine of Duty unafraid,  
To Wisdom gives full measure of his life,  
Enjoys at last the triumph—victory won.

## DIONYSUS

WHO was the god of life—those hidden springs  
Of vital forces that in Nature dwell—  
He was the sovereign lord of death as well,  
Destroying utterly that which life brings;  
Yet this divinity of mystic things  
So widely separate as heaven and hell,  
Threw over souls of worshippers a spell  
Inspiring what the minstrel artist sings.

So is it that the round of life is made  
As in the circle of a choral dance  
Around the secret Eleusinian shrine;  
The noblest enterprise by man essayed,  
His betterment in spirit to advance,  
Comes from his feeling life and death divine.

## THE CARYATIDES

THEY bear the burden of high pediment,  
These marble figures of the woman slave;  
Upon their heads the heavy architrave  
Rests evermore—the years will not relent;  
And yet, as with a gift they had been sent  
To sacred shrine, these women duly grave  
Now bear themselves in bondage strong and  
brave,  
The step aye steady and the neck unbent.

Ye archetypal women, doomed to bear  
All burdens, without murmuring, patiently,  
As these are portioned by unfeeling Fate;  
Ye have the grace in wretchedness to wear  
High look of dauntless courage and to be  
Chief ornament of temple and of state.

## PAEAN

“SEND healing, O Apollo, on the rays  
    Of Morning as she climbs far eastern hills!  
Send healing of the many grievous ills  
Our people suffer these unhappy days!  
Send healing, thou, and grateful hands shall raise  
    An altar to thee, whereon myrrh distils  
    A fragrance that thy grove and temple fills,  
While round the shrine we chant a hymn of praise.”

Such was the cry of poor hearts in distress  
When Pestilence, unseen in noonday light,  
    Walked by the side of helot and of king;  
The people had their simple faith to bless  
    Their aching hearts—faith in Apollo's might  
    And in his readiness relief to bring.

## CYDIPPE'S PRAYER

'TWAS Argos' festival, of all the year  
The day to Here's worship dedicate,  
Then Argive people thronged her temple gate,  
Impatient for her priestess to appear;  
Her car should have been drawn by sacred steer  
With fillets decorated—when too late  
Her two sons, running at their swiftest rate,  
Triumphantly drew their fond mother here.

When were the sacred rites of worship brought  
To close, Cydippe stood in silent prayer  
That Here send her sons what gift was best;  
Then in the temple's shaded porch she sought  
Her tired children—found them sleeping there  
Death's dreamless slumber—they were richly  
blessed.

## UP PARNASSUS

BUT little way upon this toilsome road  
Our steps have brought us toward our destined  
goal,  
How much is left untraveled of the whole  
We planned when first into this path we strode!  
Not knowing then how burdensome a load  
Of care we took; how heavy was the dole;  
Were disappointments to o'erwhelm the soul;  
What duties were to ancient usage owed.

Now that we've come to feel our work a task,  
To find the path grow steeper day by day,  
Aye lengthening with the shadows growing  
long,  
Of our attendant Muse we only ask  
She let us halt at times along the way  
And cheer us with a soul-inspiring song.

## TRAGEDY

HOW have we watched the swift cloud shadows  
run,  
Light-footed, these bright summer meadows o'er,  
As if they fled in merry mood before  
The close-pursuing laughter of the sun,  
Until at last of shadows there was one  
Was heavy with dark threatenings it bore,  
With wind, with hail, the deep-voiced thunder's  
roar,  
And when this had gone by was ruin done.

So on the stage of human life do we  
Of Fortune watch the alternate smile and frown,  
See either for short victory compete;  
And when the sport of cruel Fate is he  
Who has put on the long-desired crown,  
Then is the work of Ruin most complete.

## ENDYMION

**S**TILL sleeps Endymion in the Latmian cave  
In all the freshness of his childhood years;—  
Age with his wrinkled forehead never nears  
The sleeper's couch—nor any watcher save  
Silenè, stealing softly o'er the wave,  
Comes to that restful chamber—she appears  
Night after night, pale from her maiden fears,  
Nor has she blushed for that fond kiss she gave.

And still the myth its magic charm retains,  
Still does the sleeper keep the bloom of youth,  
Now comes Silenè as she came of old.  
From Time's remotest infancy Love reigns  
Over the planetary orbs, in truth,  
More surely yet does Love that dreamer hold.

## LETHE

OF all the streams that pour their flood around  
The outer borders of the world below,  
Cocytus with its burdening of woe,  
Scarce-moving Acheron, whose waves resound  
With groans of pain, with sobs of grief profound,  
And Styx with deadly hate o'erloaded so  
Its turbid, sluggish currents hardly flow—  
Of all is Lethe with sweet solace crowned.

For Lethe's tide, charged with forgetfulness,  
Affords a healing draught to Sorrow's pain,  
Brings to the Passions calm relief of sleep;  
And there is wherein it has grace to bless  
The troubled soul, for in our dreams remain  
What memories devoted Love would keep.

## NEMESIS

ITS moving shadow keeps at equal pace  
Along with substance wheresoe'er this goes,  
And where does stationed body find repose  
The faithful shadow e'en yet haunts that place;  
Day after day across the dial's face  
The gnomon traces circling line that shows  
How pass the hours to the long day's close,  
Its final falling into night's embrace.

Silent as shadows creeping o'er the grass,  
Forever hastening toward their destined goal  
With steps that never their direction miss,  
In comradeship with hours as they pass,  
There comes before the shrinking, guilty soul,  
Dimly outlined, dread form of Nemesis.

## HOMER

Far off, far off, as in another age  
And in another realm of human thought,  
Wherein ambitions of today were nought  
But dreams unworthy patriot and sage,  
We hear a strain of music to engage  
Attention of our souls to rapture caught,  
While we behold such deeds of valor wrought  
As are not shown upon historic page.

O Genius, availing to create  
A world in which humanity attains  
Its height in virtue as was virtue then;  
Where Sorrow ever holds her royal state,  
And woman in her loveliness remains  
To be forever idolized of men!

## SONG OF LINUS

THE genial earth, the fondly fostering rain,  
The smiling summer sun—each has its share  
In seconding the plowman's prudent care  
And bringing to its prime the ripening grain  
Until the golden harvest on the plain  
Waves to warm winds of August blowing there,  
Rising and falling with the rhythmic air  
As rise and fall long billows on the main.

And when at length come harvesters to reap,  
And women gleaners follow in their wake  
To garner all the bounty of the soil,  
Then is the Song of Linus raised to keep  
The movement steady for the laborers' sake,  
To give them pastime and to sweeten toil.

## HELEN

HEAVEN with its smiling lends its loveliness  
To what of beauty lies about us here;  
Beneath that brightness earth and sea appear  
Robed in Creation's new-wove bridal dress;  
But when the genial light shall cease to bless  
With softest radiance what is lying near,  
Then will our world—a planet shining clear—  
Give back the day through realms are measureless.

So is it with the beauty that once led  
White sails of Greece across the *Ægean Sea*,  
Led warrior princes from their homes afar;  
E'en to our world is Helen's glory shed  
Above the horizon verge of history,  
She lingers, smiling, as bright evening star.

## ON THE WALL

CLAD in the beauty of a starry night,  
Came Helen from the palace to the wall  
Where were the Trojan elders seated all,—  
Came, to their eyes a vision of delight;  
Their hearts were cheered and gladdened by the  
sight  
Of so great loveliness, and yet a pall  
Of sorrow did upon their spirits fall  
For their dead heroes fallen in the fight.

In such a way as this how often we  
Some gleam of beauty wonderful behold  
As form of pitying angel bending o'er,  
And in the splendor of that vision see  
The painfully unhappy story told  
Of what had taken place long time before!

## ACHILLES AND ATHENA

WITH indignation deep his high soul burned,  
Mean taunt of cowardice with scorn he met,  
Disdained to notice Agamemnon's threat  
Of violence; for safety unconcerned,  
He rested calm; but when at length he learned  
His chief a greater wrong than any yet  
Had planned, his fingers to the hilt were set  
In wrath—Athena warned him; quick he turned.

His glance was one of anger, but he knew  
The calmness in those steadfast eyes of blue,  
In that low voice, by him alone was heard  
Of all the encampment on the Phrygian shore,  
Back to its scabbard slipped the half-drawn sword,  
Lord of himself Achilles was once more.

## HECTOR'S PARTING

UNFADING picture, that domestic scene  
As the great master painted human life,  
Troy's Hector, going into deadly strife,  
Outside the Scæan gate turns to his queen,  
To sad Andromache—the nurse between  
Holds their young babe, proud treasure of the  
wife,  
Hope of the City with forebodings rife,  
Recalling, too, the father's noble mien.

There stands that outlined group before our eyes;  
What tenderness upon that mother's face,  
On Hector's what devotion to the State!  
We hear the affrighted infant's feeble cries,  
Upon those faces pain of parting trace,—  
The picture typifies our human fate.

## ODYSSEUS

**F**AR had he wandered, many cities known,  
With men of various moods and morals met,  
At Troy had borne ten years of war, and yet  
The Fates had singled out this man alone,  
With risk and peril his long way had strewn.

Through seas that were with magic islands set  
Foregoing song of sirens with regret  
At last he was on stranger island thrown.

Strict allegory this of mortal life  
That years and years laborious takes us o'er  
And leaves us spent upon an alien strand;  
After the heavy toiling and the strife  
It brings us shipwrecked to an unknown shore  
To meet with kindness at an angel's hand.

## PENELOPE

PATTERN of faithfulness through weary years  
While was her lord engaged in mortal strife  
Waged once at Troy for Menelaus' wife,  
Doomed cause of countless miseries and tears;  
Keeping through longer time of doubts and fears  
A heart with love and true devotion rife,  
With courage meeting trials of our life,  
Most womanly Penelope appears.

Her name wears glory ever since the bard  
To whom that clearer vision did belong  
Which Heaven in pity to the blind allows,  
Gave to her constancy the high reward  
Of praises due in his immortal song,  
Chanting the virtue of Odysseus' spouse.

## OFF SIGEUM

NO lines inscribed on monumental stone,  
No pyramid upraised by toil of slaves,  
No cairn heaped high with pebbles from the  
waves  
Tells with a tone of sadness all its own  
Where were the slaughtered heaps of heroes thrown  
When Greek and Trojan youth shared common  
graves,  
And earth drank more of blood than desert craves  
Of water—victor and vanquished equally unknown.

They need it not—the dead who slumber there  
Beside the *Æ*gean sea that evermore  
Repeats sad dirges on that lonely strand;  
They show on Homer's page how bright and fair  
The names of those who perished on that shore;  
Their deeds of valor showing yet how grand!

## SAPPHO

AS music heard across a sylvan lake  
Comes with a softened cadence to the ear,  
The one who listens there is charmed to hear  
How sweet a melody the numbers make;  
Upon the stillness of the evening break  
The liquid notes—as ripples they appear  
On our lone shore, sent from another sphere;  
We stop and listen for the singer's sake.

And so it is that now and then a strain  
Of Lesbian music comes from out the past  
In company with some endearing word,  
We find in song repeated once again  
After the lapse of centuries—how vast!  
Low warbling sweet of Sappho—fondly heard.

## KLEÏS

SWEET maiden dowered with a poet's praise,  
And by the grace of that fair gift alone  
To men of these remoter ages known,—  
Known and beloved for what the singer says—  
Thou hast thy splendid portion in these days  
And in this land far distant from thine own;  
Unconscious are we how much time has flown  
When now perusing Sappho's softest lays.

No mausoleum mortal hands could build  
No epitaph on brazen tablet grand  
Could keep the memory of a name so long  
As these few lines with tender passion filled  
Have by their beauty from the years been saved,  
And still are breathing strains of Lesbian song.

## A FRAGMENT

HOW has the glory of the weaver's skill  
Brought solace often to some aching breast,  
To tired hand has offered grateful rest  
And soothed an over-troubled soul until  
The heart was quiet and the passion still  
With vision of a dear one's figure dressed  
In fabric fit for entertaining guest,  
Or fit for choral dance to pipe and quill.

Such thought comes with a verse remembered long  
By which my mother would her toil relieve  
Soft singing of the shuttle heard above,  
Linked with a strain of Lesbian Sappho's song,  
"O mother dear, my web I cannot weave,  
My heart is thinking of the youth I love!"

## ERINNA

O MORTAL singer by the Muses taught,  
Who with them sang unto a world's delight,  
How can one, not thus favored, now requite  
A debt of grateful homage as he ought?  
What offering to thy worship shall be brought  
Worthy thy genius? Who shall now indite  
Songs that shall fittingly thy charms recite  
In measured verse, of strains immortal wrought?

I take not to myself such lofty task,  
My hand would venture not to touch the string  
That quivers still with thy intense desire;  
Only would I of god Apollo ask  
That he will from his flaming altar bring  
Some spark of Poesy's celestial fire.

## ÆSCHYLUS

"**A**THENIAN Æschylus, Euphorion's son,  
In his last rest doth 'neath this stone abide  
'Mid the wheat fields of Gela where he died.  
Be witness of his manhood, Marathon!"  
Such legend was inscribed upon the stone  
That marked the grave of him who glorified  
High tragedy with genius denied  
To all except Euphorion's child alone.

This record shows that poets even then  
With some prophetic sense foresaw the sword  
Would win for Valor most enduring bays;  
That in the world of action grateful men  
Would set bold deed above inspired word,  
Give to brave warrior his full meed of praise.

## PROMETHEUS

THE mind is prone to send its thought abroad  
Upon a far and hopeless quest to find  
What still lies hidden in the Sovereign Mind  
And in the eternal providence of God;  
Thought goes where never yet have angels trod,  
Leaves all the present peace and joy behind,  
Unto its toil and fruitless task resigned  
As is the slave submissive to the rod.

Once only Jove attempted to control,  
To curb mankind's insatiable desire  
For prying into mysteries profound,  
And then it was that the Promethean soul  
Showed itself proof against celestial ire  
Although the man to Caucasus were bound.

## PINDAR

**G**REAT Soul that didst inspire Hellenic song  
Yet lingering on the ever-quivering strings,  
That from the past a blended echo brings  
Of shouts still urging Hiero's car along  
And plaudits of the loud-acclaiming throng;  
Thy song, immortal, through the ages rings,  
We see the crowd, see Victory fold her wings  
And with wild olive crown the athlete strong!

The gods of Hellas are now empty names,  
Their sacred temples buried in the dust,  
But still wild olive thrives upon her plains;  
The fame survives of her Olympic games,  
The emblazoned victory is undimmed by rust,  
The victors living in thy lofty strains.

## AT OLYMPIA

WE see mad horses rushing at full speed  
Adown the course; discordant calls we hear  
Of wild spectators warning charioteer  
That he the pillars at the turning heed;  
“Give rein to outer, curb the inner steed,  
Nor try to graze firm-planted stone too near!”  
Yet others hail with loud applauding cheer  
The driver’s daring, horses’ royal breed.

All this has Pindar shown in glowing lines  
That tell of victories more proudly won  
Than those rewarded by a kingdom’s crown;  
Upon his page the name of Hiero shines  
As that of winner in the courses run,  
Thus gaining an imperishable renown.

## SOPHOCLES

UNRIVALLED master of the Athenian stage,  
He brought full glory to dramatic art,  
He sounded to its depths the human heart,  
Set forth its passions on the Attic page;  
He traced man's destiny from birth to age,  
Looked calmly on life in its every part,  
Felt guilt's remorse and knew the bitter smart  
Of baffled aims when evil passions rage.

It was the part of an heroic soul  
To question sphinx-like mysteries of Fate,  
Draw out the monitory truth from these;  
The one who saw of human life the whole,—  
Its ills how many, sufferings how great,  
And gave them living form, was Sophocles.

## AT AULIS

THE ships were idle in the sheltered bay,  
The men were idle, too, upon the shore,  
Impatient for their places at the oar,  
From Greece to wind-swept Troy to get away;  
The priests declared grim cause of the delay,  
Offended gods must be appeased before  
The winds would calm, the fleet could sail once  
more,  
A virgin's blood alone Heaven's wrath allay.

The priest for sacrificial victim took  
The king's own child—the father turned aside  
And drew his mantle close before his face;  
He could not bear his daughter's pleading look,  
Keen anguish of his soul he could not hide,  
Nor bear to give his child the last embrace.

## ANTIGONE

DARK night reveals more to our wondering gaze  
Than day with all its wealth of light can show;  
Across the boundless heavens in order go  
Unnumbered worlds upon their several ways,  
Not one in all that ordered movement stays  
Its measured progress, be it fast or slow,  
But keeping in its line of service so  
The majesty of sovereign law obeys.

And there are other worlds of ordered plan,  
Embracing humble duties manifold  
Whose claims upon us are a mystery;  
Mild offices of love from man to man,  
Firm loyalty to Heaven that we hold,  
Shown in fixed purpose of Antigone.

## ANTIGONE AT COLONUS

**H**OW is the beauty of Colonus crowned  
By what is told us of that unblessed king  
Who came in exile and keen suffering  
To this fair spot, who in its quiet found  
Favor of Furies, that his woes were drowned,  
Release from hated memories that cling  
To Thought, unsleeping, that to frenzy sting  
His royal soul, his noble spirit wound.

So is it that enchanting spot we see  
Within of poesy the tender haze  
When tragic fate of Oedipus is told;  
And there is seen steadfast Antigone,  
As poet pictured her in earlier days,  
Bending above her father blind and old.

## PHILOCTETES

NATURE, in her maternal sympathies,  
Comes to the grieving soul and helps it bear  
What weight of sorrows has been made its share  
Of freightage over life's tempestuous seas;  
She soothes the spirit with her harmonies

Of song that throbs upon the summer air—  
She lifted Philoctetes from despair  
As told in tragic verse by Sophocles;

For when of loathsome ills the sufferer  
Was from his lazaretto isle set free,  
He lingered long upon that Lemnian shore;  
His soul with deep emotion was astir  
When he stood listening to the imprisoning sea  
That broke upon the rocks in ceaseless roar.

## ELECTRA AT HER FATHER'S TOMB

**F**ORTH from the palace with attendant maid  
Electra comes unto her father's grave;  
She pours libations generous to crave  
The gracious favor of the offended shade;  
The thankless gift is on the altar laid,  
A prayer is offered that the gods would save  
That house from penalty the Fates would have  
For murdered lord, for plighted faith betrayed.

Then is perceived upon the altar there  
Beside her own a votive gift that shows  
'Twas made by one was kindred with the dead;  
Two fresh-clipped sunny locks of golden hair,  
Fine as her own is, and from this she knows  
They are from her beloved brother's head.

## EURIPIDES

THE world indulges fondness for the stage,  
For comic mask; for tragic sock to show  
Mirth of a clown, a sovereign's heavy woe;  
A thoughtless Paris, Priam's wretched age,  
Sad grief of Hecuba, Medea's rage;  
Put light and shade of life in contrast so  
That we while viewing them may come to know  
What flame of genius lights dramatic page.

Three children of the Muses came of old  
On the Athenian stage with themes sublime  
And by Apollo's grace with power to please;  
The first one hardy theft of fire told,  
The next Antigone's praiseworthy crime,  
And last came tenderest Euripides.

## ORESTES IN SANCTUARY

AT last the long and hot pursuit is o'er,  
Orestes clings unto the sacred shrine  
Beneath protection of an arm divine;  
Around him, sleeping on the temple floor,  
Lie Furies tired out—they loudly snore—  
Their features threaten him in every line  
A vengeance terrible; they give no sign  
They will relent their purpose evermore.

Dark picture this of one brought to despair  
By crime to which himself was madly driven  
Through wickedness was earlier than his own;  
We see remorseful spirit sheltered there,  
Of matricidal guilt divinely shriven,  
And granted peace it never yet had known.

## ORESTES AT DELPHI

**A**BOUT the threshold of the temple door  
Keen-scented hounds of hell their vigil keep  
Until o'erwearied with their watch they sleep  
Stretched in confusion on the marble floor,  
And on the stony steps that rise before  
The peristyle—their heavy breathing deep  
Shows that they rest in readiness to leap  
On him who comes protection to implore.

Such are the Furies to the frenzied sight  
Of him whose hands are reddened with the blood  
Drawn from the breast that in his babyhood  
Has been the pillow of his head at night,  
The sanctuary of his face from fright,  
The source from which he earliest drew his food.

## ALCESTIS

HE who would count the value of our years,  
How great a boon they are unto the soul,  
Must reckon all they bring of joy and dole  
And learn to counterbalance hopes and fears;  
Must see that smiles are brighter made by tears,  
And let the memory of loss console  
For whelming waves of loneliness that roll  
Between this world and yet more happy spheres.

The story of Alcestis told of yore  
By Grecian poet in his moving lines  
Presents the worthiness of life in brief,  
For Death in sending back the wife once more  
Showed how the Infinite to ruth inclines  
In giving us the discipline of grief.

## MELEAGER

LIGHT-HEARTED singer of an earlier day,  
Singing thy songs of mirth and love among  
Those who gave music to the Grecian tongue  
And breathed their passion in melodious lay,  
We listen to thy numbers light and gay,  
In which the charms of Zenophil were sung,  
To which the fragrance of white lilies clung  
And wherein myrtle was entwined with bay.

Perennial is the bloom of sympathy  
That makes another's joy and grief our own,  
Identifies the present with the past;  
So long as we may thoughtful violets see  
By Nature's lavish hand profusely sown  
So long shall Meleager's memory last.

## THEOCRITUS

No sweeter voice is heard than that doth greet  
At earliest dawn the coming of the day,  
When does the veiling of a tender grey  
Conceal where gladly night and morning meet;  
It is the wood thrush ready to repeat  
A song that in the evening died away  
Into a dream of soft melodious lay  
Lulling to rest with numbers faintly sweet.

So is it that from centuries remote,  
From pastured slopes of green Sicilian hills,  
With all the sweetness of that morning bird,  
There comes the freshness of a liquid note  
As down a mountainside come laughing rills,  
The singing of Theocritus is heard.

## PASTORALS

WHO now will tend the flock? who now will sing  
Within the shade of spreading mulberry trees  
Songs that some neighbor shepherdess may please,  
Delight the ears of shepherd lads who bring  
Their panting sheep at noon time to cool spring  
Of water—they meanwhile forgetting these,  
Lost to their duty in sweet melodies  
Of Pan's composing, shepherd's rendering?

That simple life and taste is not for us,  
Weak slaves of Fashion, servitors to care,  
On Custom's dusty highway driven along;  
But, losing ourselves in Theocritus,  
With unschooled Fancy we may wander there  
On cool sequestered paths through Realms of  
Song.

## LUCRETIUS

THE Infinite, existing without bound  
And having in itself both Time and Space,  
Presents nor youth nor age nor any place  
Within which may the Infinite be found.  
And yet that unsolved mystery to sound  
The feeble, childish intellect of our race  
Creeps to the verge of knowledge, there to trace  
Some limitation the Unknown around.

Lucretius, poet of most curious mind  
And of a fearless spirit, undertook  
Adventures perilous o'er seas of thought;  
Made far excursions, profitless, to find  
That for which only unwise mortals look,  
Returned unhappy, having found it not.

## CATULLUS

ALL day we see the mountain streamlet pour  
Its foaming waters over ledges bare,  
Nor are we of their music made aware,  
The noises round us are so many more;  
But when the clamor of the day is o'er,  
And hush of evening comes upon the air,  
The cadenced lapsing of the waters there  
Gives to the solitude imperious roar.

While reading ancient Rome's heroic verse,  
We hear the battle cry, the legion's cheers,  
Loud clash of weapons, brazen trumpet's call;  
But when Catullus' Muse we hear rehearse  
Occasion sorrowful of Lesbia's tears,  
Then rises music from their rhythmic fall.

## VIRGIL

ROME'S laurelled poet, seeking worthy theme  
On which to exercise his magic skill,  
Chose early years of Latium to fill  
With men and deeds heroic that they seem  
The fanciful imaginings of a dream;  
We hear the cries, the blast of clarion shrill  
Proclaiming Roman victory until  
Through battle-clouds advancing standards gleam.

Rome's palaces are crumbled now to dust,  
Her empire but a memory of the past,  
Her legions tented on Time's farther shore;  
Her brazen tablets are consumed with rust,  
But yet of poesy the glories last,  
And Dido's passion burns forevermore.

## HORACE

THE poet to philosophy inclined,  
Who sees how great the purpose of our lives,  
How mean the ends for which man madly strives,  
To all the nobler issues being blind;—  
The poet aiming to uplift mankind,  
As soon as he at altar step arrives  
He kindles what divinity survives,  
What fire smoulders in the human mind.

So, Flaccus, thou dost show us how to laugh  
Where others make it only ours to weep,  
Our hearts with pity yet and sorrow filled;  
It is not wine that thou wouldest bid us quaff  
From amphorae that have been buried deep,  
But rather wine of thought doubly distilled.

## LALAGE

COY maiden, laughing from the poet's page  
And gaily prattling in the Roman tongue,  
A group of mischief-loving maids among,  
All ready a keen rivalry to wage,  
In merry games of children to engage;  
How has the charm of innocence been sung  
That you remain the girl forever young  
Down to the present time, from age to age!

'Tis of humanity the better part,  
Of happy mirth this fresh inheritance  
That makes the world again all over new;  
That keeps a youthful feeling in the heart,  
And as through lengthened centuries we advance  
We turn back, Lalage, and laugh with you.

## OVID IN EXILE

Poor Roman poet! torn from home and friends,  
Unjustly exiled to far Scythian shore  
Where gales torment the Euxine evermore,  
Where elemental warfare never ends;  
How to thy wretchedness stern Nature lends  
A sympathy unknown to thee before!  
The grieving heavens show pity, bending o'er  
Thy sorrow, and the rain with weeping blends.

Thy verse has taught humanity to keep  
A tender thought for those who waste their days  
In exile, sorrowing for their country's woes;  
It paints the desolation wide and deep,  
The hunger and fatigue on toilsome ways  
To quench life's embers 'mid Siberian snows.

## DANTE

BRAVE soul of man to search the dark abyss,  
To wander through wide gloomy realms of woe!  
And, venturing on untravelled way, to go  
At last to undisturbed abode of bliss  
That has a yet more spacious heaven than this!  
What if that guiding spirit should not know  
The devious path to follow up, and so  
His final goal should rash adventurer miss?

The soul of Dante proved that it was bold  
To make its Heaven-appointed way through life  
And into other world its thought to send;  
On dangerous path unslackened course to hold  
O'er all rough fields of effort and of strife,  
And come to Victory's crowning at the end.

## BEATRICE

THROUGH life and even longer yet survives  
The feeling passionate of human love,  
This rules the soul all other force above  
And shapes the destiny of mortal lives;  
But for that sovereignty Love never strives,  
'Tis not for him his right divine to prove,  
But rather does it loyal hearts behoove  
To greet Love royally when he arrives.

In soul of Dante through long troublous years  
Did love for Beatrice hold ample sway  
And lead his thoughts to hidden mysteries;  
Inferno could not banish with its fears  
Nor Purgatory bar him from his way  
With her companionship through Paradise.

## THE “INFERNO”

**G**REAT Singer of a greater world than ours,  
Of regions never reached by any sail,  
Of land unvisited by ocean gale;  
By cloud that round the lonely island lowers  
And freshens summer meadows with its showers,  
You sing a sunless realm of morning pale,  
Of evening twilight when the senses fail,  
And vision rests with supernatural powers.

You had companion on your journey there,  
One who had gone the dismal way before  
With fate-announcing Sibyl by his side;  
Now, since your visit, all who have a care  
The underworld of horror to explore  
Have taken your “Inferno” for their guide.

## THE NEW LIFE

“LOVE, reasoning of my Lady in my mind  
With constant pleasure, oft of her will say  
Things over which the intellect may stray,  
His words make music of so sweet a kind  
My Soul hears with delight, is glad to find  
Her sister Spirit worshipped in such way  
As Love himself can his devotion pay  
In words of praise with charm of song combined.”

So Dante said when at the Banquet, crowned,  
He poured the wine of philosophic thought  
Reality of his New Life to prove;  
In that discussion of his past he found  
Whatever overturns the years had brought  
Renewal of his life was all from Love.

## PETRARCH

HE lived an exile from the morning land  
Of woman's love, though he gave all his own  
Fond adoration to one heart alone  
That banished him as to an alien strand;  
There, in obedience to Love's command,  
He made his unrequited passion known  
To hill and valley, echoing woods and stone,  
And traced his lady's name upon the sand.

From that lone life of heavy solitude,  
From out the fullness of his aching heart,  
Amid the tumult of a rising storm,  
With charm of song did Petrarch calm his mood,  
He gave his tender longing unto Art  
And left the world the sonnet's perfect form.

## MICHAEL ANGELO

FEW things, well done and meriting the praise  
Of excellence, of newness in design,  
Whose form is perfect, workmanship is fine—  
These serve our admiration warm to raise.  
It may be that the hand of genius plays  
On organ keys a symphony divine,  
Or lifelike statue seems disposed to twine  
For artist brow wreath of unfading bays.

To Michael Angelo the gift was given  
To meditate upon angelic grace  
And show his bold conceptions unto men;  
Aspiring thought he lifted up to Heaven  
By chiseled truth, by magic skill to trace  
Beauty of soul with facile brush and pen.

## TASSO'S PRISON

FERRARA'S dungeon of unpitying stone,  
Dark, damp, cold cell of close confinement where  
For seven long weary years the spirit fair  
Of Tasso had been buried, that had known  
His heavy grief, had echoed to his groan,  
Been witness to what wrongs he suffered there,  
Shut from the sunlight, from the open air,  
Left to companionship of woe alone;—

Ferrara's dungeon tells more mournful tale,  
More pitiful than any artist's skill,  
Or most impassionate lines of poet can;  
And yet it shows how mortal powers avail  
To bear up against wrongs designed to kill,  
Endure man's inhumanity to man.

## CIRIACO DI ANCONA

"I GO," the Italian antiquary said  
When he went wandering through the land alone  
In search of bronze inscribed or sculptured stone,  
What record there—"I go to wake the dead."  
But though his way among the sleeping led,—  
Among gray tombs with mosses overgrown  
And ruined walls of temples overthrown,  
He roused from slumber living souls instead.

The coming of Greek letters and Greek art  
Was as the breaking of day's genial light  
O'er eastern hills upon a summer's morn;  
With ravishment their beauty touched the heart,  
Men lost themselves in wonder at the sight,  
To truth and freedom was the world reborn.

## CONSTANTINE

WHEN was a token given to Constantine  
Of Heaven's approval in the stubborn fight  
That he was waging in behalf of right,  
For human law and for a faith divine,  
Among the faithful stars that nightly shine  
Appeared the holy cross unto his sight,  
Thereon he read the legend flaming bright,  
"The victory shalt thou win beneath this sign."

Eternal are the bounds of right and wrong,  
Unchanging as the stars' appointed course,  
To be inviolate by you and me;  
When we maintain them with a courage strong  
E'en to resort unto an armèd force,  
For us beneath that sign is victory.

## CAMOENS

WHO sang the Tagus with its gentle flow  
Through meadows blossoming on either side,  
His destiny it was to wander wide  
And mortal life's vicissitudes to know,  
For Camoens gave himself to Fortune so  
That he was made the plaything of the tide  
Yet he with courage and with skill defied  
The Indian wave to whelm his work below.

One hand to swim and one the Lusiad  
To hold aloft above the billow's strife,—  
Heroics he would not to ruin yield;  
Such were the fateful risks the poet had,  
He said, regarding his eventful life,  
“One hand the sword, one hand the pen did  
wield.”

## EL CID

AS flies the eagle straight toward the sun,  
Or as a white moth hovers round a light,  
So men as well are lured by the sight  
Of valiant deed on field of battle done  
Where, in defence of right, is glory won,  
Whither does Fancy often take her flight  
To watch the heroes of the past in fight  
On plain of Troy, on hill-slopes of Leon.

Long as Romance shall gild her Gothic page  
With stories of bold Christian knights of Spain,  
Shall tell what feats of chivalry they did,  
So long their wreaths of laurel cannot age,  
Corroding rust of centuries shall prove vain  
To dim th' unblazoned glory of the Cid.

## LADY ANNE MACHAM

A LONELY island in an ocean wide  
Lies far remote from England's merrie land,  
There sparkling waters lap the golden sand,  
And wooded mountain shows a verdurous side.  
Hither a lover brought his English bride;  
Here was a home for these two fond ones planned,  
From this retreat were care and trouble banned,  
And yet "of thought," 'tis said, "the lady died."

Ah me! how often do we go apart  
From walks of common life, avoiding care,  
Unconscious of the burden that is brought  
Along the way as treasure of the heart  
Only to be more fondly cherished there  
Until, as she of old, we die "of thought."

## THE MINNESINGER

LIGHT-HEARTED Singer, singing on your way  
The slender burden of an idle song  
As centuries ago you strolled along  
Incurving shores of some Venetian bay!  
How glad if only we could hear today  
In solitude, apart from noisy throng  
Of those who would with their indifference wrong  
Your gentle art—could hear an old-time lay!

Of praise would Truth and Honor have their meed,  
And Love would have his sovereignty made  
known,  
Then Life would have companionship of Mirth.  
Life of itself would be a joy indeed,  
And we should realize what charm had flown,  
What worthiness had vanished from the earth.

## GUNLAD'S MEAD

THE mead that is by Gunlad guarded well  
And is reserved for Odin's honored guest,  
Is of all beverages esteemed the best  
That's quaffed by blest divinities who dwell  
Within Valhalla's sacred courts—who tell  
In song the ancient glory and the zest  
With which Valkyrie make their searching quest  
For those who, fiercely fighting, nobly fell.

This is the magic mead that ever gives  
To *skald* the sweetness of triumphal song,  
And gives yet ampler vision to his soul;  
Inspires the bold, exalted strain that lives  
In Scandinavian minstrelsy so long;—  
High Gothic thought inscribed on runic scroll.

## THE SKALD

HE was no singer of an idle lay  
To please the fancy of a lovelorn maid,  
Nor yet has Muse of Scania essayed  
To soothe berserker rage amid the fray,  
Nor ever sought uplifted hand to stay  
Dire work of carnage with the bloody blade,  
But rather urged the warriors, unafraid,  
Through broken hostile ranks to hew their way.

Only heroic deeds on battlefield  
Amid the din of war, the clash of arms,  
Received the tribute of the singer's breath;  
Accompanied by ringing swords and shields,  
He glorified in song Valhalla's charms  
Until the soldier fell in love with Death.

## FOUNT OF URD

THE Muses drank sweet waters, crystal clear,  
That flowed down from the bright Castilian spring  
When they in friendly unison would sing  
Full glories of the genial Grecian year,  
Repeating to Apollo's grateful ear  
The simple harmonies that ever ring  
In Nature's low, sweet, tender carolling  
Of life and love and heartfelt worship here.

But Bragi quaffed those sacred waters cold  
That bubbled sparkling from deep fount of Urd,  
From underneath the roots of ash tree old  
Whence was the inspired voice of Mimer heard,  
And to the world such wondrous things he told  
As are not found in rune nor written word.

## IDUNA'S RUNES

THREE magic runes Iduna gives to those  
Who celebrate her praise from year to year,  
From age to age go on repeating here  
What pæan through Valhalla ever goes  
When Valor overcomes all Scania's foes,  
When Peace and Liberty at length appear—  
Three runes unto the skald's perception clear,  
But whose significance none other knows.

One tells of honest truth the priceless worth,  
Beyond all opulence of Ind to prove;  
One tells the beauty of this lower earth,  
And beauty of the heavenly worlds above;  
The third, of human goodness that has birth  
And genial nurture in warm heart of Love.

## MIMIR'S WELL

CHILD of the melting glacier and snow  
With which are Scandinavia's ridges crowned  
The rugged mountain giants clustered round  
Deep vale of Scania—peaks that catch the glow  
Of Midnight Sun, and signal those below  
That in the courses of the sun is found  
Of summer's lengthening days the farthest bound,—  
Child of the glacier, musically flow!

Known to an earlier age as Mimir's Well,  
Still by thy borders do white birches grow,  
But not as once with runes cut deep and fair;  
And yet the trees have mysteries to tell,  
Truths that our age is not allowed to know,  
Yet we in spirit fondly worship there.

## FRITHIOF'S SAGA

SWEET fragrance of the birch woods on the breeze  
Comes down the slopes of Scania's rounded hills  
In company with laughter-loving rills  
That with the whispering pines make melodies  
Haunting the shadowy spaces 'neath the trees;  
The low sad music of their cadence fills  
The soul with thoughts of distant days—it thrills  
The feeling heart with wakened memories.

The softly plaintive voices of the pines,  
Inspired with prescience of the storm, repeat  
Prophetic strains as oracles of old;  
In measured movement of the poet's lines  
Are felt of loving hearts the rhythmic beat,  
The one love saga of the North is told.

## GOETHE

THE shifting scenes upon his mimic stage  
Bring us the heights of heaven, the depths of hell,  
Abode of angels, den where devils dwell,  
Where mercy soothes us and where passions rage;  
There we behold man's enemy engage  
To ruin man; we hear the tempter tell  
The market price at which a soul will sell,  
And read its paltriness on Goethe's page.

We turn from that to smiling summer fields,  
We listen to sweet singing of a bird  
And in the grass cull one blue violet;  
The breath of morning only sweetness yields,  
In sparrow's song full note of joy is heard;  
We try sad fate of Faustus to forget.

## FAUST

THE race of man, devoid of reverence  
For things are sacred—for divinity,  
Has always over-curious been to see  
What lies beyond its little sphere of sense;  
In its presumption 'twould inquire whence  
Its limitation that it cannot be  
Lord of itself and hold the mastery  
Over the ordering of life's events.

So is it in his Faust has Goethe shown  
This folly and this madness of mankind,  
The wish all mystery of life to know;  
To have creative power all its own,  
And in the exercise of this to find  
Man is himself humanity's dread foe.

## SCHILLER

FATE strove with Nature, trying hard to make  
A soldier of one whom the Muses chose  
To be their servant—he to duty rose  
As one who gave his service for their sake.  
It was for Schiller Custom's rule to break,  
Heed higher call, desert the ranks of those  
Who were enlisted against foreign foes,  
From its long sleep the larger world to wake.

He painted tyranny as none before  
Had dared to draw it with a hand so free,  
He showed how thrones in wrath of Heaven  
fell;  
To what high patriotic zeal could soar  
Affirmed heroic Maid of Doremy,  
And emphasized intrepid soul of Tell.

## HEINE

CHILD of a captive and an outcast race,  
A people from their holy temples torn,  
Subjected to the world's contempt and scorn  
But finding in Jehovah's plenteous grace  
Strength to endure man's ostracism base,  
To a condition wretched and forlorn,  
Gifted with genius was Heine born  
Unto a lowly lot, most commonplace.

His was the unregarded task to bear  
Burden of want, of misery and pain,  
Neglect of friends, of enemies the hate;  
Through long, long years of wretchedness to wear  
The mocking mask of mirth, good cheer to feign,  
Approve himself superior to Fate.

## LA FONTAINE

WITH hearty laughter or with mild disdain  
To note the foibles of the human race,  
To chide its follies with most gentle grace,  
And make the weakness of its nature plain  
By having beasts in courts of reason reign,  
The height of pride's absurdity to trace  
Through donkey's voice behind the lion's face—  
This was the genial task of La Fontaine.

Were we to search the parallel to find  
To this engaging fabulist of yore,  
His analogue would come on ready wing,  
Our year-round redbreast promptly come to mind;  
The deeper snow the nearer to our door,  
The heavier rain more blithely would he sing.

## CHATEAUBRIAND

A WIND-SWEPT headland on St. Malo's shore,  
Washed by the driving storm, the driven spray,  
And crowned by that lone lookout of Grand Bé,  
Around whose foot strong tidal currents pour,  
Drown the wild sea-bird's cry with angry roar,—  
There was most fitting place whereon to lay  
In final rest loved singer of his day  
Whose death must France, must all the world de-  
plore.

Who wakens pity in the human breast  
And teaches hearts to feel another's woe,  
He does mankind a service far beyond  
Toil in the field. He shows us what is best,  
Most profitable for the heart to know,—  
Such was the work Heaven gave Chateau-  
briand.

## BERANGER

NO cricket ever sang more blithely gay  
Into late hours of a summer's night,  
No early-waking lark e'er met the light  
Of summer morning with a roundelay  
More joyous, more light-hearted in its way,  
Poured from a heart transported at the sight  
Of god Apollo climbing up the height  
Than was the cheerful song of Beranger.

He touched the chords of pity with a deft  
And gentle hand, was most compassionate  
Of hearts o'erburdened with a nation's pain;  
He saw the heart of France with sorrow cleft,  
Her fields a waste, her hearthstones desolate,  
And yet he sang to her a merry strain.

## VICTOR HUGO

HE lived a stranger in a foreign land;  
He mourned, as Ovid mourned, the unfeeling fate  
That sent him there—the scorning of the State  
That banished him beyond her sea-worn strand.  
Sad in his island home by breezes fanned  
That came to him across the imprisoning strait  
And brought sweet scent of lilies to his gate,  
For France and Liberty he nobly planned.

Now is the ignoble power at an end,  
And he who drove the poet over sea  
Is for his last misfortune chiefly known;  
To Hugo years the greater glory lend,  
The World, declaring his supremacy,  
Calls him to larger than imperial throne..

## HEREDIA

WITHIN a world that has been made so fair,  
Its lands and seas alike pavilioned by  
A borderless, blue, star-bespangled sky,  
Few are they seeing any beauty there,  
But let the artist choose a landscape bare,  
Rock-strewn, wind-swept, and to his canvas try  
To give what moods and features charm his eye,  
The beauty of that picture men declare.

The ancient world of feeling and of thought,  
What joys and sorrows earlier men had known  
Were by more recent passions shaded o'er;  
These lone, bleak wastes were by Heredia sought,  
He made their wide, deserted tracts his own,  
The glory of their greatness to restore.

## CARMEN SYLVA

THOU favored child of Fortune, thou hast worn  
With queenly grace what crown a queen may  
wear;  
What heavy burdens are for those to bear  
With uncomplaining patience hast thou borne;  
Thine oath of coronation that was sworn  
In faithfulness, has been observed with care,  
And thy heart's pity given everywhere  
When have thy loyal sons been called to mourn.

And yet, and yet—thy gracious heart hath known  
More troubles than a stranger would divine  
Could round the station of a sovereign cling;  
Thy griefs and sorrows then become our own  
When taken down for us “from Memory’s  
Shrine”;  
Thine is what solace sympathy may bring.

## TARA

A LONE low hill upon an empty plain,  
By ruined walls and ditches fenced around,  
Has stood through ages as memorial mound  
To those who fighting for their land were slain;  
The spot was sacred under Druid reign,  
Its summit by the hall of Cormac crowned  
As Erin's noble capital renowned  
'Neath curse of bell and book long time has lain.

Since Diarmid's day lies Tara in the dust,  
All echoes of her song have died away,  
Has vanished every token of her art;  
But still the memory of her heroes must  
Survive and flourish to the latest day,  
Enshrined within the faithful Irish heart.

## STONEHENGE

**F**AR out on unfrequented moor they rise,  
Huge stones were never wrought by hammer  
stroke  
But taken, just as titan forces broke  
Rough granite ledge, in blocks of massive size;  
The druids ranged these pillars circle wise;  
A roofless temple wherein heart of oak  
Should on the sacred altar duly smoke  
With savor of appointed sacrifice.

The fires burned out, the altars now are cold,  
Hushed are the voice of priest, the victims'  
groans,  
The place is silent as abode of Death;  
But yet, the mystery of that work is told  
In mute disclosure of these upraised stones;—  
These were the lower steps to higher faith.

## THE ROUND TABLE

FAIN would the world again see Arthur's court  
In all the splendor of its pageantry,  
Enchantments of its fair surroundings see,  
The beauty of its dames—beyond report,  
The flower of knighthood, met in manly sport,  
Upholding the renown of chivalry,  
And that Round Table with its galaxy  
Embracing spirits of the nobler sort.

Shall we who lead of manhood hold today,  
Who strive a higher level yet to gain,  
And in a clearer atmosphere to live;  
Shall we our standard higher set than they,  
More strong defense of righteousness maintain  
And to the world a grander vision give?

## PASSING OF ARTHUR

FROM the great deep he went to the great deep;  
It was not birth, it was not death that gave  
The limits to that course from wave to wave,  
That splendid pageantry of mighty sweep  
As magic dreams afford us in our sleep.  
The spirit of our age was strong and brave  
That put this in a poet's care to save  
And, in "the Idylls of the King" to keep.

We, too, have seen that pageantry sweep by  
From out dim mystery to yet more dim  
As one might watch a vessel from the shore.  
Our hearts—they follow after with a sigh,  
Our eyes with tears of exaltation swim  
And of regret the vision is no more.

## EXCALIBUR

IT was a woman's arm, a woman's hand,  
Robed in a samite sleeve all spotless white,  
That clove the water's surface flashing bright,  
Upraising thus a finely tempered brand;  
It was a woman's voice that gave command  
To him who took this weapon, as her knight,  
That it be not unsheathed save for the right  
And in defence of Briton's ancient land.

This was the magic sword, Excalibur,  
Which all but Arthur tried, and tried in vain,  
To wield; it made him victor of the foe.  
When, at his death, he sent it back to her  
Who had bestowed it, that same hand again  
Was reached to take it to the depths below.

## IN AVALON

BENEATH bright glamor of departed days,  
From our near present separated wide,  
When man was valiant, woman glorified  
With beauty that inspired the minstrel's lays,  
And bravery had its ample meed of praise;  
Then honor was to valor close allied,  
Fond smile of beauty was the champion's pride,  
Fair lady's glove more prized than Roman bays.

Man strove for honor then more than for gain,  
And woman homage claimed with lover's vow,  
Thus happily through life they journeyed on.  
They lived their lives upon a higher plane  
Than is to be attained by any now  
Dwelling the while in vale of Avalon.

## CHAUCER

FATHER of English verse, most genial guide  
To us who would as devotees today  
Join cavalcade upon the Pilgrim Way,  
And to A'Becket's shrine with pilgrims ride,  
Beside the Wife of Bath or by the side  
Of Reve upon his horse "all pomelee grey,"  
And hear the Miller tell his story gay,  
The young Squire gowned "with sleeves long and  
wide";

With you we set out from the Tabard Inn,  
And on the road we listen to the "Tales"  
Were told by worthy travelers of yore;  
From where those tales with Prologue fair begin  
We read and read to where the singing fails,  
"For sorrie herte I may not tellen more."

## CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE

FROM over spacious field of Chaucer's page  
Breathes tender freshness of that April day  
When, starting off as palmers on their way,  
The devotees began their pilgrimage;  
There went the flower of youth, ripeness of age,  
The Prioress sedate, the Squire as gay  
As woodland singer in the month of May,  
Ready with banter and with persiflage.

We see them journeying on, a merry crowd,  
We hear the jingling of their bridle reins,  
Soft laugh of merriment, low quips of fun;  
The tale is told with plaudits ringing loud,  
With each successive age new favor gains;—  
That pilgrimage is never to be done.

## SPENSER

THERE was in England an heroic age  
When England gloried in a virgin Queen,  
Men of most noble ancestry were seen  
Eager on perilous daring to engage  
And war for larger conquests yet to wage;  
Sailing the farthest north and south between,  
They made these lonely shores of ours the scene  
Of actions memorable—our heritage.

But there was one, the poet and the seer,  
Who vied with bold explorer on the sea,  
Calm and serene as pilot at the helm;  
He looked out on the world with vision clear,  
Discovered nobler lists for Chivalry  
And for his fancy found a Faërie Realm.

## THE FAËRIE QUEEN

A FABLED border-land lies in between  
This world material on which we dwell,  
Whose make and history we know so well,  
And that unknown world which is only seen  
By eye of Faith—that border lies serene,  
Haunted on every hill, in every dell  
By sprites of whom our folklore stories tell,—  
Devoted servitors unto their Queen.

Wrapped in the soft enchantment of that land,  
Its empty glamour and its magic charm,  
By Spenser led, we ramble on and on  
Until we are beset on either hand  
By strange illusions—then a quick alarm  
Awakens reason, and the spell is gone.

## WOODS OF ARDEN

YE Woods of Arden, 'neath whose leafy shades  
Soft, moss-grown paths go many devious ways,  
With sinuous windings weave a mystic maze  
By streamlets leading down to grassy glades;  
They seem the paths whereon Pierian maids  
Have wandered by themselves in earlier days,  
Enraptured by some love-inspired lays  
Or by a lover's moonlight serenades.

We follow on your footpaths unaware  
At every turn the gifted seer would find  
Faint glimpse just passing of a vanished god;  
Yet our dull natures meet a Presence there—  
A mystery, until there comes to mind  
Before us on your mosses Shakespeare trod!

## SHAKESPEARE

No marble frieze adorned with sculptured fame  
Brilliant as human fancy can devise,  
No walls of polished stone shall ever rise  
Of Poesy the greatness to proclaim;  
Nor can the builder's genius ever frame  
A vaulted temple roof below the skies  
That shall within its spherical arch comprise  
Aught of the spaciousness of Shakespeare's name.

This fills the world with a most glorious light  
That streams undimmed across the ages past  
Nor suffers it eclipse in passage long;  
It shines upon our shores as warmly bright  
As on the Mother Land, and to the last  
It shall shine on in poet's praise of Song.

## HAMLET

“**W**HETHER 'tis nobler?” ah, the doubt and  
fear  
That in the hesitation are expressed!  
The unsolved mystery is never guessed  
By any spirit while sojourning here;  
And shall it hope to find in larger sphere  
From dire perplexity its final rest,  
Achieve at last the noblest and the best,  
No worthier wreath of victory appear?

Alike mysterious are life and death,  
As little known is Hamlet as the ghost,  
The man in this no wiser is than boy;  
Discussing destiny, we waste our breath;  
Who is content with least, he has the most;  
Of earth or heaven, we own what we enjoy.

## BEN JONSON

A RUGGED rock, storm-beaten through the years,  
Boldly confronts a rough and billowy sea  
That gnaws away its base unceasingly,  
Shows not of sea nor conflict any fears,  
But, 'mid wild rage of elements, appears  
Calm and unmoved—content itself to be  
Grim warden of the foreshore's destiny;  
Against the storm its mighty form uprears.

Not otherwise, confronting human life,  
And looking off across long ages past  
Did rare old Ben survey the stormy scene;  
He saw the warring passions all at strife,  
Saw tyranny and freedom grappled fast,  
Defeat and triumph—all that lies between.

## MILTON

WHAT have you, Time, most precious in your  
care

Kept as an heirloom to a later age,  
Or shown with pride upon the storied page,  
Inscribed in letters of the brightest there,  
Making of poets' lives a record fair  
That should approval of the World engage,  
Should be received as noblest heritage  
By all that love the Muses everywhere?

And Time makes answer to this questioning;  
"The fame of those you ask for does not rest  
More than the shaping of their lives with me;  
I simply take what names the centuries bring,  
And such as are found worthiest and best  
Are handed over to Eternity."

## PARADISE LOST

WHEN would men build a fane Olympian  
That for its full perfection should be known,  
They cut to its just scale each quarried stone  
And worked on to the end as they began;  
They understood that in these works of man  
In which his workmanship is to be shown  
All rests upon the fair design alone,  
On following out a well-conceivèd plan.

So Milton—though to him was light denied—  
Engaged upon the theme that was his choice,  
Unto the end held to his purpose high;  
That mighty task of his he glorified,  
In its accomplishment could well rejoice,  
Since it was done 'neath his Taskmaster's eye.

## LOSS OF EDEN

PATHETIC theme of misery and woe,  
Sad story of a weak and hapless pair  
Into whose hands was given the tender care  
Of Eden's innocence; their task to sow  
The seeds of flowers, watch the young plants grow  
Up to maturity of blossoming fair;  
These fostering keepers wholly unaware  
Of Evil plotting Virtue's overthrow.

Such was the theme of Milton's happy choice,  
Well suited to the habit of his thought  
Nor less apt to the genius of his pen;  
He listened to the Archangel's mighty voice  
Commanding him to write as he was taught,  
"And justify the ways of God to men."

## GOLDSMITH

WHO sang of "Home, sweet Home," the pain  
had known  
Of separation from his place of birth,  
Of nature's ties of kinship learned the worth,  
In thronged assemblies felt himself alone;  
He sang his heart's desire in plaintive tone,  
And that one song of his goes round the earth,  
Meets warmest welcoming at every hearth  
That waits, and waits some wanderer of its own.

"The Traveler" tuned Goldsmith's tender heart,  
Was prelude to that fonder, tenderer line,  
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain";  
He mourned its fate, unconscious of his art,  
In words that move your sympathies and mine,  
Sung most melodiously in minor strain.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn, made immortal by the pen  
Of Goldsmith, who had known it when a boy,  
The humble rural hamlet of Lissoy,  
Where had his father labored among men,  
The "village preacher," where the boy played when  
School was exchanged for freedom, books for toy,  
Tasks for the sportive game and gloom for joy,  
It was the "loveliest village" to him then.

Today we see it pictured by the sun,  
With shrubbery its gardens overgrown,  
And water stealing silent past the mill;  
Although a hundred years and more have run  
No careful hand replaces fallen stone;  
Lissoy remains "deserted village" still.

## BURNS

**H**E had the human heart, the human soul,  
He met the frown of Fortune with a smile,  
Singing his song of courage to beguile  
That hard, rough road that led him toward his goal;  
He strove with wayward passion for control,  
And if he failed of mastery the while  
His armor took on polish from the file,  
Yet was Burns to be victor on the whole.

Not all his strength was given to his day,  
Nor spent upon Mossiel's ungrateful soil,  
His genius burned a more enduring flame;  
The songs he sang go ringing on for aye,  
Long will the daisy bless the plowman's toil,  
And honest labor share poetic fame.

## SCOTT

IT called for deftness of the master hand,  
For lightest touch of genius to bring  
To our dull ears the many tales that cling  
To brae and burn along the Borderland  
Where side by side now Gael and Saxon stand,  
In arts of peace each other rivalling,  
But where for centuries in the past did ring  
Sharp twang of bow, loud clash of tempered brand.

That patriot task was taken up by Scott,  
He gave to it the ardor of his life,  
Toiled to achievement through fatigue and  
pain;  
Alike for Saxon and for Gael he wrought,  
Gave praise to what was noble in the strife,  
Cheers to the victor host, tears to the slain.

## LADY OF THE LAKE

WE watch her pushing off the island strand,  
With skill of boatman plying dripping oar,  
She rounds the point, and, looking toward the  
shore,  
Sees hound and huntsman on the curving sand,  
Expectant of an answering "halloo," stand  
And listen to the baying dogs' deep roar;  
Silent the maiden stays her boat before  
The Highland hunter, waiting his command.

How has the magic of the poet's pen  
Brought from the past fine grace of chivalry  
And shown it mirrored in the lonely lake!  
Here Beauty waits on Courtesy, as when  
Knight-errant entered in the lists to try  
His lance's temper for his lady's sake.

## WORDSWORTH

IT is as if, 'neath an October sky,  
Out on the open hills where north winds blow,  
And overlooking valleys far below,  
With one familiar, fond companion, I  
Were strolling leisurely, enchanted by  
Rare beauty of the scene, by converse low  
Of him who at my side was pacing slow  
Paths leading us to levels yet more high.

I breathe, it seems to me, more spacious air,  
Drink clearer fountain than I yet have known,  
Am brought to selfhood and to nature near;  
And then it is that I become aware  
That on poetic page these scenes are shown—  
It is the voice of Wordsworth that I hear.

## COLERIDGE

**B**E it the gift of Fortune or of Grace,  
The sweetly-granted favor of the Muse,  
No mortal may Heaven's offering refuse,  
Nor may neglect his talent sole to place  
In circulation—bid it speed apace  
And gain another talent by its use;  
For negligence the gods take no excuse  
Nor their indulgence grant in any case.

The splendid talents given to Coleridge's care  
Should have been husbanded and laid out well,  
Not folded in a napkin to be dimmed;  
They would have brightened more from constant  
use  
Than even as they show in Christabel,  
Or when the glories of Mont Blanc are hymned.

## CHRISTABEL

THE poet in a poet's way would show  
What power has purity of maiden's love,  
True spirit of devotion from above,  
Base wiles of sorcery to overthrow,  
And, by its fervent wishes, breathèd low  
In prayer to Love Divine, avail to move  
Heaven's pity, and to heart of mortal prove  
Resistless force of passion's steady flow.

The fancied chamber of her peaceful sleep  
Is faithful copy of the maiden's heart—  
A sanctuary this, a hermit's cell—  
Wherein does Love his holy vigil keep,  
Guard with fidelity and subtle art  
The pure, unsullied dream of Christabel.

## TENNYSON

ONE day—alas, it was a lonesome day!  
The sky was covered with a heavy cloud,  
The murky fog and mist hung as a shroud  
Above unsmiling waters of the bay,  
Long time the barque with somber canvas lay  
Inside the bar—a shallop narrow-prowed,  
Biding her time until she were allowed  
With a propitious wind to sail away.

It came as if Arion's deathless song  
Had thrilled immensity to regions far,  
Or as triumphal note of dying swan.  
Enchanted by the strains, men listened long  
To hear the singer's "Crossing of the Bar";  
The World wept silence—Tennyson was gone.

## PALACE OF ART

HIS spacious palace high and stately rose  
To Fancy's vision at the poet's will,  
In every part of it the highest skill  
Of master-builder full perfection shows;  
And he who passes through its portals knows  
What works of genius its galleries fill;  
From broidered arras what brave gentry still  
Looks calmly on the present as it goes.

Here will we enter in and rest the while  
The outer world in lap of winter lies,  
And starry flakes come slowly drifting down;  
From glowing canvas here fair women smile,  
Up from the buried past its heroes rise,  
Yet living in imperishable renown.

## BYRON

ROUND peaks close hooded with eternal snow  
Dark storm clouds linger on from day to day,  
Nor are these from their mooring torn away  
By any force of uncurbed gales that blow;  
They feed through all the year cool streams that  
flow

O'er broken ledges, slopes of granite gray,  
Down into meadow lands with summer gay,  
They give glad greenness to fair plains below.

The genius of Byron, wild and strong,  
Dwelt by itself, from other lives apart,  
He walked far heights of minstrelsy alone;  
Some cadences of that inspiring song  
Fall into rhythm with the beating heart.  
And waken feeling kindred to its own.

## PRISONER OF CHILLON

THE dungeon's damp, the dungeon's heavy air,  
Unvisited by any light of day  
Unless a beam at noontide, far astray,  
Through the barred slit in stone had stolen there;  
The dungeon floor and walls of all things bare  
That could a sense of humane care convey,  
From manhood's prime till he was hoary gray,  
All this 'twas lot of Bonnivard to share.

Bold record of the luckless prisoner's fate  
Is traced at length of his confining chain  
By circling groove worn in the floor of stone;  
Nor less enduring living words relate  
The slow-paced years of hunger, cold and pain,  
Revealed in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

## SHELLEY

THE sea gull plying up and down the shore,  
At one time sweeping low, then circling high  
As if the wary fishes to descry,  
The deeps and shallows of the sea explore,  
On an unwearied wing does upward soar  
Until itself is lost in azure sky,  
A dim spot vanishing from straining eye  
Of watcher waiting its return once more.

The genius of Shelley in its flight  
Came now and then to our earth very near,  
Coursing along the common ways of men;  
Again it soared into celestial light,  
Became a brilliant planet shining clear,  
Then dimly vanished far from mortal ken.

## ADONAI'S

LASTING memorial was the tribute paid  
By Shelley to his brother poet, Keats,  
Sad lines in which his mourning Muse repeats  
Outbursts of grief for flowers that early fade,  
For music silenced in the myrtle shade,  
Silenced in death—the heart no longer beats,  
The lips are mute, from tongue no more flow  
sweets  
Of minstrelsy—such strains as Orpheus played.

Short time Keats waited unfulfilled renown  
Of which he wrote in a despairing line,  
Lamenting work would never come to end,  
While even then had Fame devised a crown  
Of ivy that with laurel should entwine,—  
Had given it to the hand of grieving friend.

## KEATS

AS in a meadow where the growing grass  
Falls to the mower's scythe before its time,  
And with the grass a lily in its prime  
Bows to the steady rhythmic strokes that pass,  
So was cut short the poet's life, alas!  
Before his genius gained the strength to climb  
Heights of poetic visioning sublime  
That levels loftiest Himalayan mass.

But as the fragrance of the lily lives,  
And with the fading of the petals' glow  
A sweeter breath is from its calyx shed,  
So to our later time Keats' music gives  
A melody his own day did not know;  
The song is praised now that the singer's dead.

## HOOD

AT times are we surprised to find how near  
In consciousness does pleasure rest with pain,  
As sunshine mingles with the summer rain  
So will a smile light up a falling tear;  
Amid our fondest fancies will appear  
Thoughts of a joy that cannot come again;  
Our merry songs end with a sad refrain,  
With quivering lip we speak a word of cheer.

How near of kin are wretchedness and mirth!  
That while the voice is laboring with one  
The other burdens us with different mood;  
So grief and laughter had their common birth  
In songs of toil and want until the pun  
Became the blazon of our brotherhood.

## SONG OF THE SHIRT

IT is not for bewitching melody,  
For rhythmic flow of smoothly running verse  
That we read Hood; his laughing lines rehearse  
Of hopeless toiling lives the misery.  
Beneath that mask of mirth and jollity  
Do we behold Creation's primal curse  
By man's insatiate greed of gold made worse  
Than ever was designed that it should be.

The poet, in his own case, sadly knew  
How chilly cold are penury and want,  
And how the slights and frowns of Fortune  
hurt;  
He from his lifelong hard experience drew  
Sad pictures of distress and pain that haunt  
His weirdly plaintive, human "Song o' the  
Shirt."

## BRYANT

THE summer bird, on its returning flight  
Through space illimitable, makes alone  
Its long, unresting way from zone to zone,  
Nor is there risk of error day or night.  
We cannot know if it be led by sight,  
Or it be guided by some skill unknown,  
Some other sense to which the way is shown;  
We only know it shapes its course aright.

The youth who watched the wild fowl disappear  
In growing dimness of the evening sky,  
And in reflective thought yet followed long,  
He kept in mind that vision many a year,  
A steady flight to lay his own course by  
As he sought far-off heights in Land of Song.

### "A FOREST HYMN"

WHO in the earlier practice of his art  
Sang of the voices in which Nature tells  
The mystery of life and death that dwells  
In wood and field from common thought apart,  
Of voices speaking only to the heart  
As on the lonely shore do empty shells  
Repeat and magnify in vaulted cells  
Music that wakens Fancy with a start;

He later sang for us "a Forest Hymn"  
Revealing hidden influence that lurks  
In growing things and unto beauty strives;  
He bade us meditate in woodland dim,  
And to the beautiful order of God's works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

## EMERSON

IT was a happy destiny that gave  
    Into a puritanic fostering care  
        The nurture of a genius so rare.  
As that of Emerson, so strong and brave  
    The oppressor to denounce, to shield the slave;  
        Foremost with intrepidity to dare  
            His testimony against wrong declare,  
And 'midst the tumult his composure save.

That soul, so fortunate in time and place,  
    Found study of life's use its duty here,  
        And what it learned unto its fellows taught;  
Lent to its lessons a yet added grace,  
    The Delphic utterance of poetic seer,  
        Showed loftier truths to our serener thought.

POE

**H**E had a happy heart when he was young,  
And every day he had a song to sing  
Merry as song of blackbirds on the wing,  
No notes but those of gladness in it rung  
But there were moody silences among  
The rich outpourings of that joyous spring,  
And fancies frightful with their threatening  
A shadow over all his future flung.

His was the gift that Heaven hates to bestow  
On any untried soul that comes to birth,  
Doomed to a hard and cramped existence here;  
The gift of genius well designed to show  
The ecstasy of human joy on earth  
To grief and melancholy is how near!

## WHITTIER

THE quaker mode of speech, the quaker dress  
Befitted well the man of sober thought,  
And well became the message which he brought;  
Strong word of cheer the laborer's toil to bless,  
Soft word of comfort for a heart's distress,  
Words all with wisdom of experience fraught,  
And such as, into lines poetic wrought,  
Flow ever on in perfect peacefulness.

The Quaker Poet holds high place among  
Those who have striven a cheerful song to raise  
Where is so often heard sharp cry of pain;  
In shop and mill, on farm and road are sung  
His songs of labor and his hymns of praise  
That potent were to break the bondman's  
chain.

## SNOW-BOUND

A LONE New England farmhouse old and brown,  
Nearby, a barn stands weatherworn and gray,  
These look upon a rarely trodden way  
The long slope of the hillside winding down;  
To this place seldom from the busy town  
Come steps of idle saunterer astray—  
Less frequent come when Winter, as today,  
Puts on his ermine robe and regal crown.

Such as this bleak and bare midwinter scene  
Has Whittier's memory from his childhood  
brought  
With vivid fancies richly broidered round;  
It is a sleeping world, calm and serene,  
A world of purest alabaster wrought,  
Given in his winter idyl of "Snow-Bound."

## LONGFELLOW

WE linger long upon the sunset hill  
To watch the splendor of the passing day,  
Watch spectral gathering of gloom and gray  
That all the lowlands with a mystery fill;  
Our senses with a glad emotion thrill  
While that fair vision slowly melts away,  
And yet the longer, longer do we stay  
To hear the wood-thrush in the evening still.

So do we linger o'er the splendid page  
Of English song that masters melody  
And charms the thoughtful hour with delight;  
Its beauty and its grace our hearts engage  
Until, enraptured into ecstasy,  
We hear Longfellow's "Voices of the Night."

## AD MAGISTREM

POET divine, how often in thy song  
We hear the cadence of some silvery note  
That falls as softly as if from the throat  
Of woodland warbler singing all day long  
In summer time; upon our vision throng  
Thought visitors from time and place remote,  
Fair dreams that over sunset waters float  
Displaying hopes that make our being strong.

Whether it be steadfast Evangeline  
Or Pilgrim maiden doth inspire thy lays,  
In every song such cadences will fall  
As blend the music of the birds with thine;  
Yet of earth's choir worshipping with praise  
Wast thou the sweetest singer of them all.

## HIAWATHA

**H**E was the hope of an heroic race  
To be the Indian warrior brave and strong,  
A chief for whom his tribe had waited long,  
Their leader both in war and in the chase,  
One who to victory a path would trace  
Blazing in glory; would avenge a wrong,  
Achieve an exploit to be told in song,  
And by his conduct lend theirs finer grace.

He came among his people as a child  
Of noble nature though of humble birth,  
With all the gifts of generous manhood blessed;  
He was for them too temperate and mild,  
Nor did they recognize their prince's worth  
Till he had sailed away into the west.

## PRISCILLA

A GENTLE spirit used to gentle ways,  
Reared in the fear of God nor other fear,  
With humble duties and with happy cheer  
Filling long hours of her laborious days,  
And all those busy hours giving praise  
That Paradise about her lies so near,  
Home and its fond affections are so dear,  
So strong the faith her youthful spirit stays.

Fair land of promise was the wilderness  
To her who felt the Lord's upholding hand,  
Read words prophetic on the sacred page;  
Her life was given succeeding lives to bless,  
A fondly cherished memory of our land—  
Glory unmatched of our heroic age.

## AT THE HALTING-PLACE

**F**AR have we traced from its cool, snow-fed  
springs

High up on broken slopes of Castaly,  
The never silent stream of poesy  
That from the borderland of winter brings  
Refreshing coolness and a charm that clings  
Forever to remote antiquity,  
That with our rhythmic thought makes melody,  
And on its course continually sings.

Here halt we for a little rest the while  
Are April's violets blossoming in the grass,  
And watch the current as it sweeps along;  
We cannot realize how many a mile  
The wave has come, how many it must pass  
In traversing the spacious Realms of Song.

## AD LECTOREM

NOW have we come—with Fancy long astray—  
Down wooded slopes of high Parnassan hills  
Whereon the dew of early morn distils  
Its rainbow-tinted drops for foot of fay  
To set a-tinkling; for us all the way  
Has been a murmuring of running rills,  
A musically lapsing sound that fills  
With melody song meadows of today.

Now is it time that we consider well  
What truth and beauty on the way appeared,  
What good was gathered as we came along;  
And in our humble verses try to tell  
What strains of poesy our spirits cheered  
As we strolled idly down through Realms of  
Song.









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